

5-14-1898

The Wellesley Magazine (1898-05-14)

Wellesley College

Follow this and additional works at: <http://repository.wellesley.edu/mag>

Recommended Citation

Wellesley College, "The Wellesley Magazine (1898-05-14)" (1898). *Wellesley Magazine*. Book 49.
<http://repository.wellesley.edu/mag/49>

This is brought to you for free and open access by the Archives at Wellesley College Digital Scholarship and Archive. It has been accepted for inclusion in Wellesley Magazine by an authorized administrator of Wellesley College Digital Scholarship and Archive. For more information, please contact ir@wellesley.edu.

The Wellesley Magazine

CONTENTS.

A STUDY OF GOETHE'S FAUST	<i>Elizabeth H. Hazeltine, Vassar, '97</i>	359
VERSES	<i>R. C.</i>	367
THE YA-BAH	<i>Edith M. Wherry, 1901</i>	367
THE SONG OF CRICKET AND SPRITE	<i>Jeannette A. Marks</i>	374
A BURIAL AT WHISKEY FLAT	<i>Sara Sumner Emery, '98</i>	375
A QUESTION OF EYELASHES	<i>M. S.</i>	376
COLONIAL EXPANSION OF THE GREAT EURO- PEAN POWERS	<i>H. Elizabeth Seelman</i>	380
EDITORIALS		387
FREE PRESS		390
EXCHANGES		393
BOOKS RECEIVED		394
THE BOOKS WE READ		395
COLLEGE NOTES		398
SOCIETY NOTES		400
ALUMNÆ NOTES		401
MARRIAGES		406
BIRTHS		406
DEATHS		406

Vol. VII.—May, 1898—No. 8.

Specialty House.

GEO. W. FOSTER & CO.,

Successors to C. N. CARTER CO.,

GLOAKS, SUITS,
SILK AND WOOLEN WAISTS.

492 and 494 Washington Street,
BOSTON.

Discount to Students.

EASY RUNNING
HANDSOME
STRONG

o o THE o o

CLEVELAND BICYCLE

Does not depend for its popularity upon any one special feature; on the contrary, it is, as one enthusiast expressed it, "GOOD ALL OVER." It combines ALL the meritorious points in one wheel.

We have a special department for the display of our ladies' models, and would be pleased to have a close inspection made of the different styles, as we are confident that it will prove all we claim.

CLEVELAND BICYCLES,
BOSTON BRANCH.

H. A. LOZIER & CO. . . 396 Boylston Street.
OPEN EVENINGS. RENTING,

PICTURE FRAMING,

UP ONE FLIGHT,

188 Lincoln Street, Boston.

EBEN SMITH,

SUCCEEDED BY

MRS. EBEN SMITH,

11 doors from Boston & Albany Station.

Discount to Faculty and Students of Wellesley College.

J. J. O'CALLAGHAN CO.

543 Washington Street,

(BETWEEN KEITH'S AND BOSTON THEATRES),

Wholesale **Cloak** Manufacturers.

JACKETS,
TAILOR-MADE SUITS,
SKIRTS.

SHREVE, CRUMP & LOW Co.

Jewelers AND Silversmiths,

147 TREMONT STREET, CORNER OF WEST.

Fine Stationery. Card Engraving.

Programs and Invitations, both printed and engraved. Class Day Programs a specialty.

Class Pins designed and manufactured to order.

Parasols and Umbrellas made to order, recovered and repaired.

SCRIBNER'S beautiful edition of Stevenson (500 subscribers at Harvard), 21 vols.; their edition of Kipling, specially arranged by Mr. Kipling, with illustrations on India paper by his father; the only uniform and illustrated edition published; 12 vols.; their edition of Eugene Field, 10 vols.; Barrie, 8 vols. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s superb edition of Hawthorne, 15 vols., Lowell, 11, Holmes, 15, Longfellow, 14, Whittier, 9, and Emerson, 14; illustrated with 360 exquisite steel engravings (the only illustrated edition published); their handsome new edition of Bret Harte. Little, Brown & Co.'s new and limited edition of Francis Parkman, America's greatest historian, 20 vols.; illustrated with 120 exquisite engravings by Goupil & Co. (Paris). All the standard authors, in all editions and bindings, from \$4 to \$100. Any set delivered at once, express paid, and payments of \$2 per month satisfactory.

Address X, Wellesley Magazine, and our agent will call with full and complete prospectus. We guarantee the lowest cash prices.

FINEST ROADBED ON THE CONTINENT.



.. ONLY.

**First Class Through Car Route
TO THE WEST.**

Through Trains Leave Boston as follows —

- 8.30 a. m. (except Sunday) Day Express.
- 10.30 a. m. (daily) Chicago Special.
- 2.00 p. m. (daily) Lake Shore Limited.
- 3.00 p. m. (except Sunday) St. Louis and Chicago Express.
- 7.15 p. m. (daily) Pacific Express.

SPRINGFIELD LINE

.. FOR ..

Hartford, New Haven and New York.

LEAVE BOSTON.

ARRIVE NEW YORK.

- | | |
|--|-------------|
| 9.00 a. m. (except Sunday) | 3.30 p. m. |
| 12.00 m. (except Sunday) | 5.32 p. m. |
| 4.00 p. m. (daily) | 10.00 p. m. |
| (New Equipment built by the Pullman Co.) | |
| 11.00 p. m. (daily) | 6.41 a. m. |

For tickets, information, time-tables, etc. apply to nearest ticket agent.

A. S. HANSON,

General Passenger Agent.

GILCHRIST & CO.

Winter Street, Boston.

WE solicit your patronage in all departments of our Dry Goods Establishment, promising you prompt and efficient service.

Members of the Faculty and Students of Wellesley College will, on presentation of certified cards, be allowed a discount of ten per cent on goods purchased.

O. A. JENKINS
AND COMPANY.

Ladies' Hatters
AND
Furriers.

ORIGINAL STYLES IN LADIES' HATS.
No Copies. No Duplicates.

SOLE BOSTON AGENTS FOR
Connelly's New York Hats.

MANUFACTURERS OF
RICH FURS IN THE NEWEST SHAPES.

407 Washington Street,
BOSTON.

High Grade Millinery

At

LE BON TON,

546 Washington St.

We are now displaying our Spring Importations of Pattern Hats, Bonnets and Millinery Novelties, embracing the most select models by the leading designers of Paris and London.

We would call especial attention to our fine exhibit of English Walking Hats and the latest designs in round hats, of which we have a great variety.

We also carry a complete line of MOURNING GOODS, which for quality and style are unsurpassed.

.. BON MARCHÉ ..

French Millinery.

A Large Assortment

Of French Pattern Hats, the latest novelties, with those of our own designs, always on display, at the reasonable prices for which we are noted.

The Spring Opening

Of imported and Domestic Pattern Hats will occur the last week in March, and the styles then shown, with the remarkably low prices given, will be sure to please you.

451 Washington Street, Boston.

Opposite A. Shuman's.

FRANCIS WILSON, Proprietor.

LIST OF ADVERTISERS.

ART EMBROIDERIES AND LINENS.

E. J. States, 175 Tremont Street.
T. D. Whitney Co., 39 Temple Place.

BOOKS.

X, Wellesley Magazine.

BAKERY.

O. A. Bruner, 21 South Main Street, Natick.

CARPETS AND PIANOS.

Joel Goldthwait & Company, 163 to 169 Washington Street.
Jacob Doll, 207 Tremont Street.

COSTUMES.

Geo. P. Raymond, 17 Boylston Place.

CONFECTIONERS.

Huyler's, 146 Tremont Street.

DRESSMAKERS AND TAILORS.

M. E. Fleming, Central Street, Wellesley.
Mrs. M. J. McFadden, 546 and 591 Washington Street.
V. Ballard & Sons, 256 Boylston Street.
Joseph Adelstern, 329 Columbus Avenue.

DRUGGISTS.

L. W. Randolph, 143 West Front Street, Plainfield, N. J.
Story & Cutter, Shattuck Building, Wellesley.

DRY GOODS.

J. J. O'Callaghan, 543 Washington Street.
Miss M. F. Fisk, 144 Tremont Street.
Geo. W. Foster & Co., 492 and 494 Washington Street.
The L. E. Fletcher Co., 158 Boylston Street.
Gilchrist & Co., Winter Street.
L. P. Hollander & Co., 202 to 212 Boylston Street and Park Square.
J. B. Leamy, corner Main and Summer Streets, Natick.
Cotrell & Leonard, 472 to 478 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.
Noyes Bros., Washington and Summer Streets.
Geo. A. Plummer & Co., 531 and 533 Washington Street.
Ray, 509 Washington Street.

EDUCATIONAL.

Dana Hall School, Wellesley.
Emma Willard School, Troy, N. Y.
Kent Place School for Girls, Summit, N. J.
Walnut Hill School, Natick, Mass.
Eastern Teachers' Agency, 50 Bromfield Street.
Union Teachers' Agency, Salisbury, Pa.
Woman's Medical College, 321 East 15th Street, New York.
Junius W. Hill, 154 Tremont Street.

FLORISTS.

J. Tailby & Son, Wellesley.
Julius A. Zinn, 2 Beacon Street.

GROCERS.

Cobb, Bates & Yerxa Co., 680 Washington Street.
Charles E. Shattuck, Wellesley.
S. S. Pierce & Co., Tremont Street.

HAIR DRESSER.

Phoebe A. Gillespie, 18 Huntington Avenue.

HOTEL.

Bailey's Hotel, Wellesley, Mass.

JEWELERS.

The Bailey, Banks & Biddle Co., corner 12th and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia.
Shreve, Crump & Low Co., 147 Tremont Street.
A. Stowell & Co., 24 Winter Street.

LIVERY.

F. Diehl & Son, Central Street, Wellesley.

MILLINERY.

E. M. Knox, 194 5th Avenue, New York.
O. A. Jenkins, 407 Washington Street.
Bon Marché, 451 Washington Street.

OPTICIANS.

Andrew J. Lloyd, 323 and 325 Washington St.
Pinkham & Smith, 288 Boylston Street.

PHOTOGRAPHERS.

C. W. Hearn, 394 Boylston Street.
Carl J. Horner, 11 Winter Street.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLIES.

F. E. Boardman, 3 Clarke Block, Natick.

PICTURES AND PICTURE FRAMING.

E. W. Noyes Co., 13 Bromfield Street.
Eben Smith, 188 Lincoln Street.
Joseph DeWitt, 2 Main Street, Natick.
Mrs. J. C. White, 19 Bromfield Street.

PRINTERS.

Frank Wood, 352 Washington Street.
Citizen Office, Summer Street, Natick.

SHOES.

Thayer's, 144 Tremont Street.
H. H. Tuttle & Co., Washington Street, corner Winter Street.
Underwood's, 3 Clark's Block, Natick.

SPORTING GOODS.

Wright & Ditson, 344 Washington Street.
H. A. Lozier & Co., 396 Boylston Street.
Charles M. Eaton, Wellesley Hills.

STATIONERY.

H. H. Carter & Co., 5 Somerset Street.
Thorp & Martin, 12 Milk Street.
M. R. Warren Co., 336 Washington Street.

TRANSPORTATION.

Boston & Albany.
European Tourist Co., 156 5th Avenue, New York.
Chicago & Northwestern, 368 Washington St.
Fall River Line, 3 Old State House.

L. P. Hollander & Company,

202 to 212 Boylston Street, and Park Square, Boston.

We invite an inspection of our exclusive designs in

**Young Ladies' Tailor Gowns,
Bicycle and Golf Suits, Coats and Capes,
Muslin Dresses, etc.**

Also, Trimmed and English Walking Hats. Shirt Waists.

Special Discount to Faculty and Students of Wellesley College.

Violets... J. TAILBY & SON, Florists,

Opposite Railroad Station, Wellesley.

Flowers and Plants of the choicest varieties for all occasions; Palms, etc., to let for decoration.

Flowers carefully packed and forwarded by Mail or Express to all parts of the United States and Canada.

Orders by mail or otherwise promptly attended to. Connected by Telephone.

Hosiery, Underwear,
Ribbons,
Art Muslins,
Cretonnes,
Stamped Linens, and
Embroidery Silks.



Kid Gloves, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50

The Best \$1.00 Glove in the Market.

Ten per cent discount
on all goods to
Wellesley Professors and Students.

J. B. Leamy,

Cor. Main and Summer Sts.,
Natick, Mass.

✧ LONDON MIXTURE ✧



Breakfast TEA,

\$1.00 per pound.

S. S. PIERCE CO.,

Importers and Grocers.

BOSTON, BROOKLINE.

JOSEPH E. DeWITT,
Stationer and Picture Dealer.

Special attention given to Framing
Pictures at reasonable prices. ❁❁❁



It is of easy access by the Electric Cars.

No. 2 Main Street, Natick, Mass.

THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

VOL. VI.

WELLESLEY, MAY 14, 1898.

No. 8.

EDITOR IN CHIEF.

GRACE LOUISE COOK, '99.

ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

BERNICE OLIVER KELLY, '99.

MANAGING EDITORS.

MARY LOUISE BARKER, '98.

EVA GRAHAM POTTER, '98.

LITERARY EDITORS.

HELEN MARIAN KELSEY, '95.

MARGARET BELL MERRILL, '99.

HELEN MARY BURTON, '99.

MARY GERALDINE GORDON, 1900.

THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE is published monthly, from October to June, by a board of editors chosen from the Student Body.

All literary contributions may be sent to Miss Grace L. Cook, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

All items of college interest, and communications to be inserted in the department of *Free Press*, will be received by Miss Bernice O. Kelly, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

All *alumnæ* news should be sent to Miss Helen M. Kelsey, Wellesley, Mass.

Advertising business is conducted by Miss Mary L. Barker, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Subscriptions to the MAGAZINE and other business communications should in all cases be sent to Miss Eva G. Potter, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Terms, \$1.75 per year; single copies, 25 cents. Payment should be made by money order.

A STUDY OF GOETHE'S FAUST.

GERMAN literature blossoms at rare intervals. Only a fragment remains of the lost achievement of the seventh century; 1200 is the date of the *Nibelungenlied*; with the eighteenth century came the splendid burst of modern German poetry. In Goethe's work, we turn to the greatest German of them all; to the child of the noontide—born in the middle of the day and in the middle of the century, a favorite of the gods, *das Weltkind*, as he called himself, to whose fortunate life a whole world of sunshine lay open. This is the man whose chief work is the most tragic of all tragedies, the tragedy of the world's sorrow.

Matthew Arnold says that the many-sided learning and the long and widely combined critical effort of Germany formed for Goethe a quickening

and sustaining atmosphere of great value, an opportunity for complete and unfettered thinking that was his strength, even though a glow of national life was lacking. Goethe's early activity lay in the "Storm and Stress period," when, as we have seen, the Faust spirit was in the air. The popular puppet play planted in Goethe's mind the germ of his great conception. He was wise enough to wait for experience, and so his great work runs parallel with his life. It was not made; it grew. He carried the story in his heart from childhood to the age of eighty.

Goethe believed in the power of growth. He had seen and understood the mystery of plant metamorphosis, and had given the scientific world a lesson that it was slow to receive at the hands of a poet, although his teachings are now accepted by every botanist. He had seen how, step by step, the plant purifies itself into higher forms by the divine process of growth. Even so, he saw in the universe a great many-sided activity unfolded, "the living garment of divinity." Because God has placed in the finite mind of man a hunger for infinitude, progressive development is possible. It is only when we follow the poet in his swift journey from heaven through the world to hell and back again that we get his completed thought. It is a mistake to read only Part I.

The beautiful dedication shows a pathetic picture of the aged poet bringing his completed work before a new generation—an unknown throng—not the circle of his early friends who had welcomed the Faust Fragment of 1790. In the prelude on the stage, the poet, the jovial person, and the stage manager discuss the difficult demands which the drama must meet. The poet wants to give genuine art value, but it is hard to satisfy the dear, distracted public, fed on the newspaper, and desiring only passing entertainment; while the manager is chiefly concerned in drawing a full house any way that he can.

The play itself begins with a sublime chorus in heaven, in the manner of the old miracle plays. Mephistopheles—daring, witty, scornful, pessimistic—reveals his character here, and at his request Faust is given him as an object to experiment upon. Then we see Faust in his study, longing to get beyond the limitations of earth, meddling with magic, approached very gradually by new and lower suggestions. He is recalled for a time to better things by the splendid burst of Easter music.

“ Christ ist erstanden
Aus der Verwesung Schoos !
Reisset von Banden
Freudig euch los !
Thätig ihn preisenden,
Liebe beweisenden,
Brüderlich speisenden,
Predigend reisenden,
Wonne verheissenden,
Euch ist der Meister nah,
Euch ist er da ! ”

“ Christ is arisen,
Out of corruption's womb :
Burst ye the prison,
Break from your gloom !
Praising and pleading him,
Lovingly needing him,
Brotherly feeding him,
Preaching and speeding him,
Blessing, succeeding him,
Thus is the Master near,—
Thus is He here ! ”

—*Bayard Taylor's Translation.*

But Faust is in conflict with himself. He is an individual not adjusted to institutions already existing. Because of this conflict he makes at length the evil contract with Mephistopheles, thereby entering into a dark and perverted world,—a world of negation, of self-seeking, of opposition to the world order. What Faust is seeking is not pleasure, not power, but to take into his own life the whole of human experience in all its height and depth. Mephistopheles warns him that he is setting himself an impossible task, but Faust replies, “However, I will do it.”

In Faust's conflict with the family, the church, and the state, we have a full draft of human life, deeply tragic, but not in the usual manner, for the innocent victim suffers, and the guilty one escapes—if we can call it escape to be left in the clutches of the dark spirit of negation. It is the sad, sad story of betrayed innocence.

“And now,” cries Gretchen, in the full consciousness of her guilt,

“And now—a living sin am I!
Yet—all that drove my heart thereto,
God! was so good, so dear, so true!”

“Doch alles, was dazu mich trieb,
Gott! war so gut! ach! war so lieb!”

We hear the evil spirits whisper to her in the cathedral, “How different it was with you, Gretchen, when a little while ago, all innocence, you came here before the altar and murmured prayers from your book, half in childish sport, half God in your heart, Gretchen.”

She wishes that she could free herself from the past and from the dreaded future, but the solemn *Dies Ira* rolls on.

Before the close of Part I. we get a very positive display of the essential evil in Mephistopheles. Faust has heard of all the trouble into which Gretchen has been plunged, and he upbraids Mephistopheles, “Thou hast concealed from me her increasing wretchedness, and suffered her to go helplessly to ruin!”

Then Mephistopheles replies coldly, “She is not the first.”

But when Faust turns upon him with bitter words, Mephistopheles throws a full light upon Faust's personal responsibility, asking him pointedly: “Who was it that plunged her into ruin? I, or thou?”

The Second Part has a lower dramatic and poetic value, but a higher intellectual reach. It is a great work to which we must come with a vital, receptive spirit. Bayard Taylor, whose scholarly and interpretative notes have been freely used in this paper, calls it “a great mosaic; seen in the proper perspective, it exhibits the Titanic struggle of Man, surrounded with shapes of Beauty and Darkness, towards a victorious immortality.” We must bear in mind Goethe's playful delight in mystification. The earnest play of his great mind gives our minds earnest work. What else could we expect, where we find condensed “the eighty years' knowledge and thought of one of the clearest and most active of all human brains?” It is a work of infinite suggestiveness,—a mighty allegory or series of allegories in a broad, bright, crowded world, full of digressions, full of beauty.

Goethe leaves the reader's imagination to bridge the chasm separating the

two parts. Faust has left the little world of the individual, and his soul is now to be trained and purified by mingling with great world movements, by the ministry of beauty, by beneficent activity. We feel ourselves in a different atmosphere here, serene and full of light. Goethe says: "A Second Part must necessarily elevate itself altogether away from the hampered sphere of the First, and conduct a man of such a nature into higher regions under worthier circumstances. Later refinement, working on the old rude tradition, represents in Faust a man impatient and imprisoned within the limits of mere earthly existence; struggling out on all sides, his spirit ever returns the more unhappy. This form of mind is accordant with our modern disposition."

Faust begins as a world-storming Titan, but the whole course of the poem shows him cleansed from his Titanism, and coming into harmony with the world order. Goethe conducts his hero from pantheistic agnosticism to Christian theism. Bayard Taylor outlines the plan as follows:—

Act I. Society and Government.

Act II. and III. The development of the idea of the Beautiful, as the highest human attribute, with almost a saving power.

IV. War.

V. Beneficent Activity, crowned by Grace and Redemption.

There are many digressions, chief among which are a financial scheme and a discussion of geological theories. Goethe takes great liberties in the use of language in many parts of the poem, and gives us a great and confusing range of symbolism.

As in the early legend, the emperor desires to see Helena, the royal, air-famed Beauty, and Mephistopheles, who must help, even where he does not understand the aspiration, directs Faust to the mysterious "Mothers" in "the region where the pure forms dwell," that he may evoke the models of beauty. Here the artist finds his ideal.

"Formation, Transformation,
The Eternal Mind's eternal recreation,
Forms of all creatures,—there are floating free."

The earnest seeker exclaims,—

"Here foothold is! realities here center!"

"The Beautiful," says Goethe, "is a primeval phenomenon, which in-

deed never becomes visible itself, but the reflection of which is seen in a thousand various expressions of the creative mind, as various and as manifold, even, as the phenomena of nature."

The German critic Kreyssig says that Goethe owed his greatest gain and his highest joy to the refinement following an earnest, creative worship of those ideals of beauty which have descended to earth in the masterpieces of classic art. In order to create into imperishable forms the fair material revelation of his dreams, the artist must come into a beautiful state of being, accordant with nature.

The third act, continuing the pilgrimage to Beauty, is a complete allegorical poem in itself, called *Helena: a Classico-Romantic Phantasmagoria*,—a gay, gorgeous masque, suggestive and beautiful. It shows in dissolving forms and colors, and in marvelous metrical variety the transition from antique forms to the life and freedom of modern song. Carlyle says, "We almost feel as if a vista were opened through the long gloomy distance of ages, and we beheld the figures of that old grave time."

The motif is a reconciliation of the classic and the romantic. After Faust has apportioned, in royal style, the classic inheritance to different nations, he and Helena reign in Arcadia, the home land of the highest art and song, where art and literature cease to be narrowly national, but are for the world and for all time; where

"All worlds in interaction meet."

Euphorion, the child of Faust and Helena, appears—an airy, wilful spirit, like the Hermes of Greek mythology. But the beautiful spirit dies, and Helena's garments dissolve. Beauty is revealed to few, but even its robe and veil form a higher ether over the life of man, and lift him from "all things mean and low" to a higher activity.

By the ministry of Beauty Faust's nature has been purified and lifted to a higher plane. Now he seeks noble activity, and finds it in ministering to human well being. The fifth act opens on the accomplished work. Faust, one hundred years old, inhabits a palace in the midst of a fertile, thickly peopled land, which he has rescued from the sea. Through his poetic vision of the result of his work he experiences the one moment of supreme happiness. He has attained it in spite of, not through, Mephistopheles. Faust

reached his crowning moment on earth, not through knowledge, indulgence, or power, not even through passion for the beautiful nor through victory over the elements, but by accomplishing good for others.

The close brings in the Hell-jaws of the old miracle plays to make a startling contrast,—Heaven stooping down and Hell rising up to take hold of the soul of man. Mephistopheles seeks to catch the fluttering, fugitive soul, but angels sail heavenwards with their booty, and Mephistopheles mourns that

“A great investment has been thrown away.”

As Mephistopheles disappears from the drama, he illustrates the eternal ignorance and impotence of evil. He cannot understand the mystery of redemption.

The song of the angels shows Love the all-uplifting and all-redeeming power on earth and in heaven. Goethe calls this the key to Faust's rescue.

“The noble Spirit now is free,
And saved from evil scheming :
Whoe'er aspires unweariedly
Is not beyond redeeming.
And if he feels the grace of Love
That from on high is given,
The Blessed Hosts, that wait above,
Shall welcome him to heaven.”

The whole closing scene exhibits a universal upward movement of loving natures—a heaven of purest loving activity in the presence of the ineffable divine love. One of the penitents, formerly named Margaret, steals closer, and prays,

“Incline, O Maiden,
With mercy laden,
In light unfading,
Thy gracious countenance upon my bliss !
My loved, my lover,
His trials over
In yonder world, returns to me in this !
“The spirit choir around him seeing,
New to himself, he scarce divines

His heritage of new-born being,
 When like the Holy Host he shines.
 Behold, how he each band hath cloven,
 The earthly life had round him thrown,
 And through his garb, of ether woven,
 The early force of youth is shown!
 Vouchsafe to me that I instruct him!
 Still dazzles him the day's new glare.

Mater Gloriosa.

“Rise, thou, to higher spheres! Conduct him,
 Who, feeling thee, shall follow there!”

Chorus Mysticus.

“All things transitory
 But as symbols are sent:
 Earth's insufficiency
 Here grows to Event:
 The Indescribable,
 Here it is done:
 The Woman-soul leadeth us
 Upward and on!”

“Das Ewig-Weibliche
 Zieht uns hinan.”

The world tragedy of Faust is a great work of art, because it unites beauty with moral soundness. To the question, “Is art higher than morals?” comes the counter question, “Is truth higher than beauty?” Is not truth an essential element of beauty. If that on which anything is conditioned be lower than the fabric that rises upon it, then it may be freely conceded that beauty is higher than truth. But if beauty be built on a foundation of falsehood, must not the structure as a whole fail in beauty? Does not a moral taint render art unsound, even as it renders life unsound? In this “ungirt generation,” standards of beauty which are low or false, in that they lack the essential truth that belongs to beauty, endanger our standards of life.

But when a literary work is ethically true we may revel in its æsthetic

beauty; we may take our fill of its "virtue-breeding delightfulness;" we may

"Gloriously forget ourselves, and plunge
Soul-forward, headlong, into a book's profound,
Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth."

Art has the Faust hunger for the infinite,—a hunger which can never be satisfied by any bargain with the spirit of evil.

"Ah! but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?"

ELIZABETH H. HAZELTINE, Vassar, '97.

VERSES.

If I could mould a cup to hold the wine,
And had I carved upon it thus the vine,
Ah, then how could the sparkling full-filled cup
Enrage me, who had first thought the design?

Ah, if I could! But He who doth create,
To Him alone creation doth relate.

What though He fills his works with liquid fire,
He grants them not the power to imitate.

R. C.

THE YA-BAH.

WHEN his first son was born, Wang Erh sent ten red eggs to his old teacher, Li Ching, as a sign of joy. The philosopher received them stoically, but nevertheless ordered his wife, with no little secret delight, to place one of the scarlet symbols in his bowl of rice every morning for ten consecutive days. Nor was he remiss in returning the courtesy, for on the receipt of the eggs he immediately sent his own son with two "taow" of cash as a token of favor toward the child. He wished, it is true, that he might have given only one "taow," but as it was entirely contrary to all precedent to present an odd number, the act would certainly have brought ill luck upon the household, and might, perhaps, have caused the death of

the infant. Besides, he reckoned that his wife could eat less for a week, and thus make up the price of the necessary gift.

When the child was one month old, Wang Erh, according to a well-established custom dating back a few thousand years, made a feast to which he bade all his male relatives and those of his friends to whom he owed money already, or from whom he wished to borrow in the near future. For the occasion, Wang Erh took out of pawn his one handsome garment, a long, plum-colored silk robe, lined with rabbits' fur. For the small accessories to his wife's toilet, he generously bought a pair of embroidered garters, to be worn above dainty new shoes three inches long; and for further adornment, some artificial flowers for her hair, two finger-nail shields of silver filigree work, and a pair of real jade earrings. Jen'tz's dull, almond-shaped eyes sparkled at the presents. "I give you thanks, my lord," she said, and courtesied low, with both hands pressed on her left knee. "Rise, stupid Thorn," Wang Erh answered, and not unkindly extended his finger tips for her assistance. She was the head wife in his establishment, and the mother of his son, and thereby deserved some distinction.

After a week of elaborate trimming in purple and crimson, the eventful day came. First, the month-old heir to Wang Erh's stately possessions was given over to the tender mercies of the family barber. With three preliminary flourishes of his razor, as a prelude to the important and mysterious rite which he was about to perform, this terrifying man seized the tiny head of the cherub in his own mighty paws, and, with several clean sweeps, removed every little black spear which dared to present itself, except from one round patch. This spot, kept sacred like a guarded oasis in a desert, it was hoped would form the nucleus of a fine growth of cue, the ever-increasing care and pride of its owner.

Toward noon the guests began to assemble under the green canopy; each brought with him the customary even number of "taow," neatly strung on red cord. Buddhist and Taoist priests were there, with smooth-shaven heads and clothes which smelled of incense. Merchants and pawn-brokers, peddlers and carpenters, fishmongers, jewelers, and scholarly Confucians,—all met on friendly terms. With due etiquette the guests were finally seated at the tables, while Wang Erh's three wives brought in the smoking viands. The proud young father chatted gaily with his

guests, and frequently helped them, with his own chop sticks, to some particularly dainty morsel. Jen'tz, modest in her new finery, hobbled about in her three-inch shoes as if she were walking on pins.

"Is that your 'Within the house?'" asked a guest, nodding toward Jen'tz.

"Yes," answered Wang Erh. "She is my chief torment."

"Her teeth are white."

"Tolerably so, I admit."

"May we not see the child?"

"Certainly, if you wish. Jen'tz, tell the Amah to bring in the little dog."

The company had just finished the soup, when the Amah entered the court, bearing the little heir in her arms. The guests arose.

"Now, may all the Heavenly Rulers bestow happiness," cried many, fervently.

The Amah placed the tiny bundle in its father's arms. The court echoed with expressions of wonder and delight.

"What divine features!" "What marvelous intelligence!" "Truly a son of the gods!" "Worthy heir of so distinguished a scholar!"

Wang Erh smiled complacently. He gingerly shifted the wadded baby to his left arm, and shook a pink and green rattle above its head, while Jen'tz leaned against a post and cried from repressed excitement and delight.

After these eloquent compliments the guests began to depart, taking formal and polite leave of their host, and calling again and again upon the gods and heaven to bless the infant.

Poor little boy! Did he know that within a year they would be calling upon those same gods and that same heaven to curse him, whom they thought possessed of a devil,—the demon of silence?

.

Wang Erh was standing in the courtyard trying to make a bargain with a creditor. He was not in a good humor, and when his young son crawled near his feet and stretched out his little brown hands to pull himself up by his father's cloak, Wang Erh shouted savagely to him. To his surprise, the child seemed not to hear, but continued his playful attempts to rise. Wang

Erh raised his voice to a still higher pitch of anger, but the little boy only looked up and smiled. The creditor's ugly, pox-marked face lighted with an evil leer.

"Your son is a ya-bah" (deaf mute), he said.

"You are a lying turtle," answered Wang Erh hotly, and struck the man a resounding blow on the head.

Stinging with pain the cowardly creditor ran from the court, whining out terrible curses upon Wang Erh's ancestors and descendants. Jen'tz came hobbling in with a pale face.

"My lord, my lord, what is the matter?"

Her husband quivered with scorn and wounded pride.

"Mother of a ya-bah," he hissed, "go and bury thyself with thine offspring." He gave the child at his feet a vicious kick and strode out of the court.

Jen'tz gathered the poor little frightened fellow to her arms. "Oh my bau-bay, my bau-bay" (precious one), she sobbed, "Did I not know it? Did I not know it? For what sins of my grandmothers' am I thus afflicted?"

She lifted up the baby and looked long into his innocent face. Finally she dropped him with a sudden shuddering fear. "Thou dost not look possessed of a devil, O false one, but so thou art, and for such the priest has only curses. I, too, will curse thee lest the gods visit their wrath once more upon me."

She rose upon her little deformed feet, and with a final hope shouted aloud to the baby; but although her last despairing scream brought the whole household into the court, the child gave no response. Jen'tz turned and faced Wang Erh's other two wives, and the frightened servants huddled together in the doorways. She spoke slowly. "This creature I have called a son, but know it henceforth as a 'guæ'tz' (evil spirit), sent to torment us. May curses forever be its portion!"

The servants whispered to one another, "The child is a ya-bah," and the wives, remembering the jade-earrings and finger shields of filigree work, triumphantly repeated, "The boy is a ya-bah!" From that time curses were the baby's portion.

.

It was Christmas Eve in the Chinese capital, but few of the thousands who guided their hurried footsteps along its streets, by the light of flickering paper lanterns, had ever heard of Christmas. There was no thought of an approaching holiday; there was no glad preparation or expectancy; there was no universal welcome awaiting the Christ child in that great heathen city. The next day would mean only one more period of toil and suffering to the hard-handed breadwinners, one more opportunity for cruelty and injustice on the part of the feathered men who sat in the high places.

But, even in that city, there were some spots brightened by Christmas joy. In the little chapel of St. Peter's Sister Joan was placing a few last wreaths and toys upon a most entrancing spruce tree. On the top was a cross of white lilies. The great bell of the cathedral, to which the chapel was but an annex, began to chime melodiously. Sister Joan hastened her work. She, of all the nuns in the mission convent, loved the children best, and therefore had lingered longest to give the final touches of beauty to the already brilliant and well-laden tree. What wonder then, when the last candle had been lighted and the last golden ball securely tied on, that the woman's worn face brightened with unselfish pleasure. "Mon Dieu, I thank thee for this night," she whispered devoutly. "May some child know for the first time the meaning of Christmas joy." She let her gaze rest upon the cross of white lilies at the top of the tree. "To such a child I will give that cross," she thought. Reluctantly she turned away and went out by a side door of the chapel. As she passed, two eyes peered up at her wistfully from a corner of the sill. Stooping to pat the stray dog, if dog it were, she was startled to find her hand upon the shoulder of a boy seven or eight years old. "It is my 'child'," she thought; "God has heard me." "Come," she said, "get up; I will take you where it is warm." The boy looked at her uncomprehendingly, then placed his hands to his ears, and gesticulated wildly. "Ah, poor child," thought the nun, "you are deaf and dumb." She took one of his little pinched hands in hers and led him through the iron door of the convent into her own cell. There she ministered to his needs as if he were indeed some guest whom God himself had sent to her.

Once more the cathedral chimes rang forth, and the nun remembered that the mission-school children must be already formed in file to march into the chapel. The boy, now fed and warmed, willingly followed the sister as

she led the way out. They reached the door just behind the procession of children, headed by the Mother Superior. Sister Joan paused on the threshold to enjoy the little ones' delight. She saw their long, narrow eyes widen with astonishment at the marvelous vision. She saw them shyly whisper that it was "ting how" (very grand)! She saw them, at last, throw aside their baby reserve and jump up and down, until each little pig-tail danced with joy. Then her eyes fell on the boy at her side. The flush had deepened on his cheeks, one wizened brown hand was pressed heavily against his chest, his little blue cotton mantle was ragged and dirty, his hair was hanging in strings; but his black eyes were wide open and shone with childish rapture. The soul of the immaculate French nun melted with pity. She knelt down, and put her arms protectingly about him, then, with sudden tenderness, drew him close to her and kissed him on the forehead. The boy started back in bewilderment. Since the day his own mother had cursed him, he had known not a single caress. Sister Joan led him nearer the tree. The children had now joined hands and were skipping gaily around it, singing some sweet Christmas carol. They stopped when they saw the sister, and playfully encircled her instead.

"Hello, Sister Joan," they cried; "the tree is beautiful, like a lady all dressed up, with thousands of earrings. Why, who is that boy? Is he a new scholar, Sister?" They pressed up closer with their childish attentions. "What's your name, little boy? Is he frightened? Why doesn't he talk? Please tell us your name; we won't hurt you."

Sister Joan raised her finger and commanded silence. "He is a ya-bah," she said to them. "You mustn't tease him, but be very good to him." A murmur of pity went around the circle. "He is a ya-bah," they repeated, "and therefore is beaten at home."

The time went merrily. Amid exclamations of surprise and delight, the tree was stripped of its gifts, until, at last, it stood forth beautiful in its original green. Only the cross of white lilies remained at its summit. Almost reverently, Sister Joan took it down and placed it in the little ya-bah's hands. He received it with an astonished gasp; then, as he caught its sweet fragrance, his bewildered face relaxed into a smile.

Once more the children formed into line to march out of the chapel, and the time had come for the ya-bah to return to his dreary home. Sister

Joan was loath to let him go, but the mission school was already overflowing, and the laws of the convent were strict, so, with a whispered prayer, she led him to the great gate of the compound, and motioned to him to hasten home as quickly as possible. He started off obediently, but after a few steps, stopped and looked back. The nun was still standing in the gateway, and waved her hand encouragingly. Great tears rose to the boy's eyes, and his breath came in sobs, but he only pressed the white cross closer, and trudged manfully on. When he finally looked back again, Sister Joan had gone.

The streets were deserted. A few beggars had huddled together for warmth on the steps of a wayside shrine. A yellow, mangy dog was sniffing at a refuse heap, and snarled unpleasantly as the boy passed. But he saw none of these things. He was thinking of the wonderful Christmas tree, the many happy children dancing in the light of candles, and the kind lady in black who had kissed him. "What did it all mean?" he wondered. "Could there be people in the world who wouldn't hate him, or whip him, but would treat him as his mother treated his younger brothers?" The wind blew strong from the east, and made him shiver with cold. The pains which he had felt in his chest for days rapidly became more sharp and frequent. He was a brave little fellow, but he could not repress an occasional scream. His legs seemed to be giving out, too, and there was yet half a mile before him. A big bully of a boy came out from a gateway. "Why, you are Wang Erh's ya-bah son; I know you," he said. "There, take that, you little 'guæ'tz'!" and he cuffed him roughly over the ears. The child began to run, crying with pain. The boy followed him a little way, but being fat and lazy, soon turned back with a parting curse. How long the road seemed! Ah, there was the yellow dragon's head, in the coffin-maker's window, and here was the stall where the man with whiskers sold peanuts and birds' nests. His forced run had made him sick and dizzy. He staggered along the road as if he were drunk, and almost fell into an uncovered ditch. At last he saw the wall surrounding his own courtyard. What if the gate should be shut! It very often was at this time of evening, and he knew well no one would open it again for him. At that terrible possibility the boy's heart almost ceased to beat. A mist rose before his eyes. He drew his breath in short gasps, and a spasm of pain seized him. In a moment he was before the gate, impotently trying to push it open. It was bolted from the inside.

.

The next morning Wang Erh and Jen'tz were leaning over the body of their eldest son. His sorrowful little face was bent down over a white cross of frozen lilies, which his parents recognized with superstitious awe as the emblem of the "foreign guæ'tz." "He has gone back to his own," they said, "and his evil spirit will trouble us no longer."

But the ya-bah was knowing, for the first time, the joy of a Christmas morning.

EDITH M. WHERRY, 1901.

THE SONG OF CRICKET AND SPRITE.

Rocked on the green of a blade of grass,
Watching the bees as they flit and pass,
Cricket and sprite are singing away
Of the sun that followed a waning day.

Cool is the air as it blows and soft,
Soft as the wings of a dust-gold moth,
Stirring the dew on every stem
Till it twinkle and shine like an opal gem.

Sweet are the sounds of the leaves as they brush—
A sigh for the song of a warbling thrush ;
Hush ! for the songs of cricket and sprite
Are lulling to silence the coming night.

THE SONG.

Hush ! on the blades of the swinging grass
We sing to the bees as they come and pass ;
Hush ! for the night is growing still
As we swing in the grass on a starlit hill.

Hush and sleep, hush and sleep !
Spirits on earth, sprites of the deep.
The waves, the air, cricket and sprite
Sing Lullaby now to a starlit night.

JEANNETTE A. MARKS.

A BURIAL AT WHISKEY FLAT.

BIG TOM was dying. Sam Jones, his partuer, knew it the moment he thrust his head inside the cabin door. He shambled across the dirt floor, however, to the shake-down bunk in the corner and laid one hand restrainingly on the big tossing frame under the gray blankets. With the other hand he drew out his never-failing whiskey flask from the hip pocket of his "blue jeans" and poured a generous dose down the sick man's throat. Sam watched his patient grow a little quieter, then nodded his head approvingly.

"That's the stuff for him; ain't anything in the world like whiskey," he remarked, sagely.

His remark voiced the sentiment of the region. With Sam and the other miners in that California camp liquor was an unequaled panacea. In the belief of Whiskey Flat, a man with a pick over his shoulder, a revolver in one pocket, and a flask of whiskey in the other, could go to the world's end safely. Even in the riotous times of the early gold fever this little California mountain town had been renowned for its deep drinking. It was in those days that the town won its name. A party of Englishmen on their way across the mountains stopped over night in the town at a time when the miners were bewailing a prolonged drought.

"Rain," drawled one of the visitors. "It couldn't rain anything but whiskey in your little flat among the mountains."

The miners grasped the unconscious humor of this remark. Then and there they christened the town Whiskey Flat, washing down the compact with a flow of conviviality which lasted for days, and which even now was a favorite reminiscence at the saloon on the corner.

The time had come, however, when even whiskey could not keep Big Tom alive. Sam was giving him another drink when the mighty figure suddenly stiffened, and Big Tom had crossed the Great Divide. Sam tried whiskey again, but it was of no use. So he stood a moment looking at his old partner with almost a tender look on his face, then closed the eyes for good luck and left the cabin.

He strode along through the sage brush to the open door of a little hut, crowded against a great red boulder on the mountain side. Sam stopped before the door and meditatively crushed a cactus plant with the spike of his

mining boot. Long Jake, the cabin's owner, was frying a strip of bacon over a brush fire in the middle of the hut. He looked up inquiringly when his visitor appeared.

"Well," said Sam at length, "Pard's turned up his toes."

Long Jake did not answer. There was a tradition at Whiskey Flat that he never did answer when he was sober. He went on silently turning the sizzling bacon until it was richly browned, and then tucked it away carefully under a shallow tin pan, weighed down by a heavy stone for safety against coyotes. Not a word was spoken, but Jake jammed a brimless straw hat over his tow-colored hair, and the two left the cabin.

There was little enough that could be done for the dead man. They hollowed out a shallow grave on the mountain side and wound the body tightly in its gray blankets. Then Sam took the head and Jake the feet, and together they jolted all that was left of poor Tom over the uneven stones to its last resting place. As the two miners slipped the big figure into the new-made grave, Sam's honest face was knotted with thought.

"I say," he said in a moment, "you ain't got a prayer book on yer?"

The other shook his head. Sam pondered. Suddenly he slapped his knee in inspiration.

"We ain't neither on us got a prayer book. Let's take a drink all round," he said.

Long Jake stolidly nodded approval. They filled in the grave with loose gravel, pounding it solid with their spades. As they stood there, leaning on their pick handles before the new-filled grave, each man uncorked his flask and together they drank a long draught to the dead man's memory.

"Darned if Big Tom warn't put away most as decent as the preacher could 'a done it," remarked Sam, with a satisfied gleam in his eyes as they strode away.

SARA SUMNER EMERY, '98.

A QUESTION OF EYELASHES.

JANE, standing with her face flattened against the screen, abstractedly kicked the door sill. Behind her the room was full of the warm fragrance of fresh bread. Katy, the cook, was moving about preparing tea. At the

sound of the creaking of the cellar stairs, Jane turned and called through the open cellar door: "O Katy, are we going to have preserves for tea? Get a jar of peaches, won't you?" As she turned, her eye fell on a paper-covered book poked in behind the kitchen clock. Jane crossed eagerly to it; she went out and sat on the back steps, the book in her lap. Katy's bookmark was an Easter card tarnished with grease spots; her own, a piece of faded blue ribbon. Jane, glancing down the page, was relieved to find her mark where she had left it. "A rose was fastened in her glossy hair, which was carelessly coiled on her head. Her tall figure was clothed in yellow. Her blue eyes under their long lashes glanced——"

"O Miss Jane, is it you that have the book? Sure, your mother wouldn't have you read it. Let me have it a bit." Katy held out a commanding hand.

"Oh, dear!" cried Jane, and handed it to her. She stood idly in the little brick-laid path, her eyes fixed in contemplation on the head of a white thunder cloud that raised itself in the west above the tops of the neighboring fences. At her back was the sibilant sound from Katy's lips as that woman read, seated on the top step. Her face was intent over the fine print, as she followed word after word with a stout red finger; at the end of a sentence she sucked in her breath heavily. Jane did not feel her presence, nor did she heed the thunder cloud. She saw only the vision of the lovely lady with the coil of brown hair and the rose in it. She was tall, and her eyes flashed like water when the fountain in the park played and the sun shone on it. The half-assured belief of little Jane that someday she would be just such a beauty grew strong in her. She unconsciously fingered the ribbon on the braids that stood stiffly out from her head—the tight braids that were the chrysalis of the glossy coil. The words she had last read rang in her head, "glanced from under her long lashes." Struck with a sudden thought, Jane put up her hand. The thick, flaxen eyebrows were ruffled, and their length gauged by the hot, impatient fingers. A smile, which disclosed the new gaps in the row of teeth, spread over the freckled face. The happy future of being beautiful was assured.

"It's time your mother and Nellie came home, Jane; isn't it?" Katy asked from her book.

"Yes; I guess I'll watch for them. They'll get caught in the shower

if they don't come pretty soon." Jane swung her thin frame on the gate, with her face turned down the street. She hummed a little to herself: "glanced from under her long lashes, under her long lashes."

Two figures came round the corner with bundles in their hands. "Here they come; here's Mama and Nell," cried Jane, and was down the street with a sturdy stretching of feet. She cast herself breathlessly on them and seized upon their bundles. "Oh, what did you buy? Did you get me that top? What's in this bundle?"

The last drops of the shower were still dripping from the roof that night when they went to bed. Nell, with the increase of personal care that comes with thirteen years, was assiduously brushing her long, fair hair before the glass. Jane, sitting in her nightgown on the footboard of the bed, drubbed her bare feet impatiently against it. "O Nell, come on to bed; you're so poky. There's no need of fussing over your hair so." Jane herself had merely pulled the ribbons from her braids and tossed them onto the bureau.

Nell brushed on calmly. "You'd better take care of your own a little," she said, with a superior glance at Jane's rough head.

Jane yawned. "'Tisn't worth while," she said. "Oh, come on to bed!"

"Do you know," said Nell, tossing her head, "do you know that Eunice Middleton—she's terribly silly now her dress is down to the top of her boots—she says that Jack Hawkins has got the loveliest eyelashes she ever saw."

"Humph," returned Jane. "He hasn't any."

"Oh, yes,—he has. I noticed."

"I don't believe it. Last one to bed has to put out the light—anyway," cried Jane, ready to take a plunge backwards onto the bed.

Nell dropped the brush and dashed toward the bed. She had pulled the sheet up to her chin before Jane had rolled over.

"Think you're smart, don't you?" Jane, walking over Nell to the edge of the bed, reached out to turn off the gas. Leaning over, she caught in the glass the reflection of her thin face with the heavy brows. She scrutinized them sharply. As she turned off the gas and dropped back into bed, she felt herself set trembling with a momentary shiver of delight. She smiled into the dark, as she doubled her pillow under her head.

For three weeks a secret happiness filled Jane. Then, one afternoon she came hurrying home from school, her handkerchief to her eye. She rushed into the house and slammed her speller down on the table. "Is anybody home?" she called. A voice from upstairs answered. Jane went up. "Oh, Aunt Grace, I've something in my eye. Can you get it out?"

Aunt Grace dropped her sewing. "Come here, child, and I'll see. She pulled the damp handkerchief away from the eye. "Oh yes. Now—does that feel better?"

Jane nodded. "What was it,—an eyewinker?"

"Yes," said her aunt; "an eyelash. It's queer, Jane, that you have such scant eyelashes, when your eyebrows are so thick."

"Eyelashes scant?" Jane cried, sharply.

"Yes, eyebrows heavy," returned her aunt, touching Jane's lightly with her finger, "and eyelashes thin. You're a dear, funny child still to call lashes eyewinkers." She took the moist red face between her hands and kissed it.

Jane stared stupidly at her. She went slowly out of the room, closing the door carefully behind her. She made her way dully toward the garret. She understood now why it was that, staring covertly at Jack Hawkins, she had insisted, to the amusement of the older girls, that he had no eyelashes to speak of—why it was that her earnest scrutiny of the baby's face, which followed on her hearing his mother remark on the prettiness of his lashes, had engendered in her a profound misgiving toward that kindly woman. It was all miserably clear to her, as she went heavily up the stairs. She had thought eyelashes were the same as eyebrows. "How silly, how silly!" she cried, angry with herself. Then a great self-pity surged over her; her lip trembled. As she went and stood in the garret room, watching the sunlight come in level beams across the rickety furniture piled up there, two tears ran over from the wide eyes, and trickled uncomfortably down her cheeks. Suddenly there sung in her head the old mystic phrase, "Glanced from under her long lashes, under her long lashes." Jane walked deliberately over to the great chimney. She stood against it, her head on her bent, uplifted arm, and sobbed. She was making the renunciation,—not merely of the long lashes, but of the dazzling, full future of the beautiful young lady Jane. With a miserably fatalistic decision the child felt that

hereafter she had no right to hold such hopes. The passion of self-commiseration, wearing itself out, left her subdued, pressed against the wall. She stood quiet, her face on her arm, and thought. Outside a robin insistently gave its call. Finally, she raised her head, rubbing her eyes with her hands. She had readjusted her life; and she crept down stairs furtively to wash her eyes before tea. The sleeve of her gingham dress, wet with tears, lay flat and cold against her arm.

M. S.

COLONIAL EXPANSION OF THE GREAT EUROPEAN POWERS.

IF we look at a representative map of colonial empire fifty years ago, we shall find one great mass of white, relieved in northern Asia by a big stretch of green, and in northern North America by an extended tract of red. Red specks also cover isolated portions of Asia, Africa, and Australia. The white stands for independent, or uncolonized lands; the green, as we already know, represents Russian, the red, British, dominion. Now, let us look at a map representing colonial empire of to-day. The white is not so vast, the green has encroached on the white. South of it, the red spots have become distinctly more prominent and less isolated; while between and about the latter, we now find good sized, though inharmonious, dabs of purple and blue. These last are suggestive of French and German dominion. How did this increased difference in the size of British and Russian possessions come about? How can we account for this later intrusion of France and Germany? These are pertinent questions. It is the purpose of this paper to answer them in a general way, and, in so doing, to shed some faint light on the subject of modern colonization. Such light must of necessity be faint; for the subject is most comprehensive, and all the recent articles on it are "at the binder's."

We can scarcely say there has been a nineteenth century colonization movement. Colonial activity had no such general beginning. It has been rather a number of movements. England and Russia continued by stages the colonization work in which they had been engaged. France entered the colonial field anew. Germany made her very first attempts. If these movements took place at the same time, it was merely coincident. They followed upon needs, economical or otherwise, felt by the respective nations

and seemingly best remedied by colonial enterprise. That they continue to-day, successful or otherwise, we may perhaps attribute to a general desire on the part of one nation to be as great in land and power as another. But the beginnings, as we have said, were individual.

It seems a curious fact, but it is none the less true, that Great Britain's modern empire should have begun with the loss of the thirteen colonies. This loss taught her that colonies did not exist for the good of the mother country alone, that they were not material to be shaped as she might think fit. Henceforth she pursued a new colonial policy, embodied in what Mr. J. R. Seeley calls the *Magna Charta* of the colonies. Henceforth she gave up the right of levying any duty, tax, or impost with the object of raising revenue for imperial purposes. One right, however, she did reserve to herself, the right of levying taxes to regulate trade. Yet even to this reservation she added the proviso, that such taxes should be expended on the colony paying them, and should be applied by the same authority that levied any local duty in the same country. This was the agreement when colonization to the eastern world began.

Part of Australia had already been explored, and already was occupied as a penal settlement. This territory, and a little strip in South Africa, ceded by the Dutch, were the first British possessions in the East. Early in the century, as a result of English economic depression, the need of better conditions for the small farmer and the middle-class artisan arose. The government tried to meet this need by offering inducements for emigration. Land grants with implements for their cultivation were given. As time passed better schemes were evolved, and before the middle of the century spontaneous emigration followed. England already possessed a foothold in India. The decay of the Mogul government, the enormous atrocities committed in consequence there, gave her an opportunity to interfere and enlarge her Indian territory; while farther east, in 1841, Hong Kong became her possession. By this time all her present important colonies were well established.

Since the fifties, progress in the colonies has been satisfyingly rapid, while their governments have gradually been adapted to meet these advancing needs. With the exception of India and a part of Africa, English colonies are regarded to-day as a normal expansion of their mother country.

English language, English literature, English institutions are dominant. While the colonies have been needed outlets for the surplus and discontented population of England, they have furnished her, at the same time, with abundant raw material, and have afforded excellent markets for her manufactured goods. They are, however, the most vulnerable part of her domain. Their protection entails yearly an enormous naval and military expenditure, the brunt of which England must bear.

The fact that Great Britain may be drawn into an expensive war at any time in behalf of any of her colonies, together with the observation that the colonies are growing more and more independent, and less and less in need of their mother country, has given rise, within the past decade, to no small amount of alarm. The feeling is gaining ground that, unless the colonies can be brought into closer relationship with the mother country, she will lose them altogether. These fears have materialized[†] into interesting plans for one vast imperial confederation. Such plans have been furthered lately by colonial exhibitions and imperial conferences. But the consummation of this great scheme, uniting Great Britain and her colonial possessions into one magnificent imperial federation, is yet to be reached.

It is interesting to note that Great Britain now holds the position in colonial expansion which France held at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and that as the colonizing power of the English increased, so that of the French waned. Internal troubles of the last century took France's attention away from her colonies; one after another they were ceded to conquering nations. For a time she ceased to exist as a colonizing power, and not till after the Napoleonic wars did she again turn her attention in that direction. Restless desire to regain a part of the glory that had been hers at home and abroad, led her, in 1830, to interfere actively in Algerian affairs. Since the acquisition of Algeria, part of Western Africa, New Caledonia, Southeastern China, Madagascar, have all become hers. To-day Algeria is the most prosperous colony France owns. She serves to strengthen France's position on the Mediterranean; yet, as some one says, she "belongs to France, but not to the French." The same may be said of all French colonial possessions. Napoleon III., influenced by a desire for glory and by the need of a market for French goods, offered free passage to eighty thousand emigrants. Seventy thousand of them returned. This was

but one of the many failures in colonization that have characterized modern French attempts. The population of the colonies is largely native; of the French in them the majority are members of the army or government officials. Cochin-China in 1890 had a population of two millions. The French had occupied the country for twenty years, yet it contained but sixteen hundred Frenchmen, of whom twelve hundred were in the public service. The colonies themselves cost far more than they return in benefits. Their accounts show a yearly deficit. Such a condition of affairs does not sound satisfactory. Surely there must be reasons why it is not so, and if we look far enough we shall find them.

In the first place, France has no surplus population, and in the population she has there exists no great love for emigration. Her people are distinctly home-loving. They care too much for comforts already secured than for the risk of obtaining other comforts, even with added inducements, in other lands. They have no aptitude for colonization. In the second place, France does not know how to govern her colonies. Having no trained officials experienced in colonial affairs, she trusts their administration to theorists who can have but small knowledge of respective colonial needs. Hence, though her colonies differ widely in traditions, religion, population, practically the same methods of administration are applied to all. The colonies are over-run by officials who treat the natives most arbitrarily and severely; on the other hand, the representative from the colony at Paris looks after his own personal interest and has a voice in saying what the government of the other colonies shall be. Lastly, France has no colonial army to guard her interests, and conscript troops refuse to go to distant lands with unwholesome climates.

Despite the apparent failure, from an economical point of view, in French colonization thus far, French ardor still remains unquenched. Expansion abroad she considers at present absolutely necessary. The increase in her navy has made the need of coaling stations and bases for supplies in distant lands most evident. These she must obtain somehow. Economical conditions, too, are driving her to seek fresh outlets for her growing manufactures, —to seek other conditions in order to support her increasing artisan class. Already she has adopted new methods in dealing with her lately acquired Tunis. Perhaps her greater apparent need for new colonies may lead her in

time to adopt a different and more beneficial policy toward the old. With the inaptitude of her people for colonization, such a policy will be most necessary if she is to maintain her hold in the colonizing world.

German attempts at colonization have been similar in results to those of France; yet as conditions which brought about colonization, and circumstances leading to these results, have been altogether different in Germany, a survey of modern German colonization is well worth our while. "There was a time," some one remarks, "when one nation could say, 'I'll take the earth,' and another, 'I'll take the seas,' and the Germans were satisfied with heaven." This time passed with the birth of the German nation in 1871. Since then the Germans have come to demand not only heaven, but a large bit of earth and sea as well. The new empire is the baby colonizer of Europe, and as such her attempts are both interesting and amusing. With the Germany of 1871 came national self-consciousness. Desire for a navy and bases for supplies developed. Other nations were working along such lines; so must she. Herein do we find the first movement toward colonization; yet before another decade had passed other and stronger reasons became prominent. Yearly an increasing percentage of her population was emigrating to the Western world, there to become denationalized and estranged from the native land. To a military monarchy relying on the armed strength of its younger generations, this was clearly a serious matter. Besides, discontented classes were clamoring for government help and creating no small anxiety in the growing nation. Attempts to better the condition of this last class, and to make secure that one fourth of the normal increase of the population which emigrated each year, led to the initiative colonization of 1884. Colonial societies were formed, colonial journals edited, all classes became interested, and enthusiasm ran high. People thought all they had to do was to "buy an atlas and paint Africa blue in order to find themselves in possession of gold nuggets and ready-made cigars." A band of young men enlisted popular sympathy in an active movement; commercial and national interests followed. Eighteen hundred and eighty-four saw the German flag hoisted over her first colonial possessions in Africa. Bismarck, then controlling German policy, was distinctly conservative in this movement. William II., however, took an active interest in it, and since his accession in 1888, German colonization has advanced even to an aggressive point. She has enlarged her African

possessions, and recent developments in Asia show that Germany does not mean to have other nations outdo her, young as she is, even there. Scarcely more than a decade has passed since Germany's initiative colonization movement, and it may be all too soon to pass judgment on what she has done in that line; yet from this one decade's experience certain circumstances seem quite obvious. She, too, like France, lacks experienced colonial officials who can take into consideration local conditions. Hence colonial government is not satisfactory. But more than this, she cannot get her people to go to new and untried lands. In 1895, out of a total emigration of 37,498, not more than 1,000 went to Asia and Africa. The reason for this is not far to seek. The German government feels a duty not only to govern, but to guard, guide, and protect all her children. This paternalism is as distasteful abroad to the emigrant as it was at home. Success in German colonization will depend in large measure on the extent to which she exercises this sway in the future.

One other nation we must mention before we can conclude our general survey of the great colonizers of Europe. It may not be evident to all that our last and largest nation, Russia, actually colonizes. Her growth may be called expansion rather than colonization. Yet if we consider motives, methods, and results, Asiatic Russia is practically her colony. For the purposes of this paper we will, at any rate, consider it as such.

Russia, of all European nations, is most aggressive. She has doubtless made more progress in territorial expansion this century than have any of the other countries we have been reviewing. It is difficult in taking up her colonial history to avoid her relations with France, England, and Germany in China. This would, however, lead us beyond the limits of our subject. We must, therefore, leave the far Eastern question at present alone and concern ourselves here with Russia's general advance in the East.

Unlike France and Germany, but resembling England in this respect, Russia seems to have a natural aptitude for colonizing. Despite troubles at home and hardships seemingly insurmountable in the territory she has opened up, she has steadily, persistently, pushed on. There is something admirable in such tenacity. While other countries in the past century were waging wars with one another, she was quietly, almost imperceptibly, extending her Asiatic dominions. Her methods of doing this are too skillful to be overlooked, and serve well to show the depth of her colonial policy.

She established a line of frontier posts in the vast East, from which she sent out agents into the expanse beyond. These agents persuaded the nomadic families to settle in these frontier lands. Gradually villages sprang up. The villagers, troubled by the aggressions of the fiercer tribes to the south of them, had sooner or later to call in Russian help. Russian protection in time became dominion. The frontier line of posts moved forward, the same policy was pursued, with the same results. Thus did Russia gain the foothold she has to-day.

Circumstances in Russian diplomacy, and the inherent character of the Russian nature, have helped her to maintain that hold. The officers she sends out are not always scrupulous, but they know their business. In the wake of their conquest, industry, agriculture, manufactures, have been introduced. The natives she has conquered she has partially civilized. She has taken no motherly interest in their welfare, she has sometimes overburdened them with taxes, yet, on the whole, she has brought to them peace and order. She has met with little comparative hindrance, for, as a rule, she has had to deal with a people more or less akin, and the Russians themselves have marvelous powers of adapting themselves to their environment.

These Eastern lands as colonies serve several purposes. They take the attention of the Russian people from government oppression at home. They afford a vent for the migratory population. During six months of 1896, 145,000 of her population immigrated to Asia. They secure for the government extensive export and import revenues. Her trans-Siberian railway will connect the mother country with the far East. Trade and population from there will, in the course of time, further develop her colonized lands. Then will colonization be rendered less difficult. To other European nations Russia's future is fraught with extreme danger; to herself it is rich in promise.

In taking up these European colonizers, we have said nothing about Holland, Spain, and Italy, because they are not great nations of Europe. We have said nothing about the relations of the great powers in their far Eastern territories, nor of their recent troubles in Africa. All we have attempted to do has been to give the hurried reader some general facts about modern colonization. In the course of this inadequate survey we hope the red, the purple, the blue, and the green of the colonial empire maps have become a little more intelligible.

H. ELIZABETH SEELMAN.

EDITORIALS.

I.

Now that war has fallen upon the nation, political squabbles among college girls from different sections of the country have practically ceased. Before the stern reality of conflict, partisanship gives way to the questions: "What is to be done?" "How does this reality affect us?" The necessity of action in such a crisis always rests heavily upon women just because they cannot act with their sons and brothers. Here in college such uneasiness is voiced in two ways,—a girl wants to enlist, or she wants (and those who own to this sentiment are a scorned minority) to move inland away from the possibility of hearing the guns bombard Boston. Common sense obviously thwarts the fulfillment of both desires alike.

But there are some things that college girls can, and will, do. They will understand the present conditions as well as anyone can learn them from press reports. This noble intention is daily demonstrated by the eager crowd at the bulletin boards, and also by the heedless figures, newspaper engrossed, who walk into the trees on the campus. Moreover, if we are unable to act as war correspondents, or to give steam yachts, or hundred thousand dollar checks, we can at least accept gracefully the new taxes. Should letter-postage rates be increased, we might add to our correspondence list the names of the people to whom we once promised to write first. It has even been proposed that we spend our money for stamped beer and chewing gum, rather than for soda and chocolates. Similar sacrifices have been made by Spanish women. Why not by us?

In good earnest, there is much loyalty and silent heroism among us, more than we ourselves have guessed. No one knows how many prodding messages have gone from zealous sisters, how many stout-hearted farewells have been sent over the country to brothers and friends hurrying away to ship and camp. The time for horror, for tragedy, for agony of sacrifice has not come; we strongly hope it will not come. The time for sane and wholesome readiness to serve one man, or a regiment of men, or a nation of men, has come; and it will be wisely met.

"Meanwhile, there is our life here — well?"

II.

With the opening of the spring term golf, basket ball, tennis, bicycling, crew practice, and the athletic editorial are all with us. This season finds the golf links more popular than ever before, basket ball holding its own, and tennis springing into new life. The freshman class appears to be more active than any previous freshman class; its ardor is certainly more genuine than that of more experienced classes. The freshmen pay their association dues; they apply in hordes for every sport. We hope 1901 will have still some enthusiasm to expend in athletics after the class team and crew are finally chosen. Of the fifty candidates for crew, nine will ultimately be appointed. What will become of the remaining forty-one athletes? Some will doubtless substitute. Others, discouraged in a first attempt, will forget to pay their dues next year. If every girl of the forty-one would throw her disappointed energy into tennis, or golf, or basket ball, what would be the result in college sports?

The crews always have our chief interest during the spring term, for upon them depends the success of our great day of annual publicity—the one occasion when everybody is at liberty to invite unlimited anybodies, and does so. This year it is proposed to place all arrangements for Float under the direction of the Athletic Association, thus relieving the senior crew of a severe responsibility at a time when hours are most precious. There appears to be no valid objection to this plan. To most members of the college it will seem fitting that the Athletic Association should have charge of all executive preliminaries for Float, should authorize necessary expenditure, and receive at first hand the funds which senior crews of former years have passed on for use at next year's Float. If the crews are ready to avoid the anxiety of final arrangements, the student body, instead of opposing the scheme, will be quick to see that any great college festivity which centres about any one sport should be controlled by the Athletic Association of which that sport is an organized branch.

III.

THE news that a Consumers' League had actually been formed in Boston was welcome information to members of the college who, last year,

were interested to learn something of the work of the New York League. When the formation of a Massachusetts League was first proposed, it was understood that such a movement must develop along lines differing from those which led to success in New York. As a result of Massachusetts legislation controlling factory inspection, the conditions of labor and the comfort of employees in many large mercantile houses were found to meet already the requirements of the Consumers' League in New York. Therefore the people of Boston gave their first attention to the conditions under which garments were made, rather than to conditions under which they were sold in retail shops. The misery of the sweating system needs no emphasis here. Against the abusive underpayment of women who sew in these tenement shops, and also against the danger of infection resulting from the surrounding squalor, the policy of the new League is especially directed. Accordingly, the object of the Consumers' League of Massachusetts, as stated in the constitution, is "to increase the demand for goods made and sold under right conditions."

As a means to such an end, it is proposed that manufacturers attach to all garments a label which shall guarantee that they have been made under factory conditions. The manufacturer will not do this until the retail dealer demands it of him. The retail dealer will not ask for such a guarantee until his customers demand it of him. Thus the responsibility for immediate action falls upon the buyer. To further point this last remark we may add that all Wellesley students are buyers.

"All Wellesley students" means every individual student. Very well. What can we do? We can "increase the demand for goods made and sold under right conditions." But we cannot best do this by timidly venturing a question in the one shop where we buy our shirt waists. In order to make the retail dealer believe that his buyers want goods made under factory conditions, the number of those making such a demand must be as large as possible. Figures will move him more quickly than timid interrogations. These increasing figures are in a peculiar way essential to the success of the League; they stand for the membership of the League. The moral, to a buyer, is not far to seek.

As a matter of fact Wellesley students have not been slow to join the League, when the conditions of membership have been brought to their atten-

tion. The college has about sixty names already enrolled—sixty, out of seven hundred buyers. This proportion ^{implies} ~~means~~ that the possibility and the means of joining the League have not become widely known. For the instruction of the ignorant it may be well to add that any person who approves the object of the League may become a member on payment of one dollar, which should be sent, with the name, to Miss Calkins. And further, perhaps because names are even more precious than dollars to this unique society, a group of ten persons, or fewer, may conjointly contribute one dollar for membership. This means that any buyer who wishes to do so may, on payment of ten cents, increase the demand for goods made “under just and wholesome conditions.”

FREE PRESS.

I.

By all means let us have a short-story course, if such a course can possibly be provided by the College! We need it, as our stories in the Magazine show. We need it for several purposes. First, for encouragement for some of us who spend odd moments writing stories which we are unable to criticise or appreciate, because they are our own, and which never see even the ruddy, indecipherable glow of red ink. Then, too, it is a pity to suspend the English work of the discouraged juniors with nothing but the memory of a brain-fagged argument dangling before our mind's eye. But these reasons are all minor, and the great reasonable reason is that a senior has not, in any English course, as she should have, an opportunity to put into practice the few laws she has learned in English 1, 2, and 3; nor the opportunity to develop her work up to its legitimate possibilities through practice. Although “Daily Themes” supply a certain need, yet we believe that they do not attempt to bring within their scope plot structure, and the thousand other laws that enter into the writing of a good story.

Let the College give us a chance to show whether we want a short-story course or not!

JEANNETTE A. MARKS.

AGATHA JEAN SONNA.

KATE WATKINS TIBBALS.

II.

MANY of the students believe that the relation of the faculty to the students may be a source of great inspiration and help. They, therefore, feel that everything should be done to promote a most cordial friendliness.

To secure this, the co-operation of both is necessary. Some of the students feel, however, that their desire to bring this about does not meet with sufficient encouragement from the faculty. The students themselves are, doubtless, frequently at fault. They do not always take advantage of the opportunities offered. For instance, they do not go as often as they might to call on the members of the faculty whom they know; and, at times perhaps, they neglect common courtesies in the corridors.

But there is, nevertheless, a general wish for a more friendly intercourse, which would add much to what is richest in college life.

F. H., '98.

III.

DID you ever stop to think when you were asked to give money for the support of Dr. Bissell or to the College Settlement, how small a proportion of the amount you spend goes to such purposes? If you did think, would you not get out your pocket book more cheerfully, and change your usual formula, "I am sorry, but there are so many demands upon a girl here that I really think I can't give you anything this time?"

Not long ago, when two of us were discussing the failure this year to raise sufficient money to carry on Dr. Bissell's work, these questions occurred to us. Since then, we have been examining our accounts, and we find that in one case but five per cent of the total expenses has been for what might be classed as charitable purposes, and in the other case but five per cent of the college expenses. We give below a few percentages which will illustrate these facts. Since they were made out by two people, they were computed, as we have said, on rather different bases, and cannot well be compared with each other.

	I.	II.
To amusements	12 per cent.	1.7 per cent.
To eatables	2 " "	.3 " "
To books and incidental college expenses	27 " "	5. " "
To laundry	10 " "	2.7 " "
To flowers	1 " "	.8 " "
To miscellaneous expenses (tickets to Boston, Christmas presents, etc.)	16 " "	10. " "
To charity, including Christian Association and College Settlement	5 " "	5.2 " "

'98.

IV.

I HEARTILY agree with the writer in the preceding Magazine who expresses a desire for the privilege of attending Boston churches. I see no reason why such a privilege need bring anything but pleasure and help to those who should choose to take advantage of it. Restrictions such as those which have to do with opera and theatre going might easily prevent any abuse, if Wellesley student honor may not be wholly relied upon. In the interests of those who may never have another opportunity to attend Boston churches, I urge that the matter be discussed freely by the college at large.

'99.

V.

WHEN last month's Magazine appeared I was especially interested in the Free Press article on attending Sunday services in Boston. The writer exactly voiced my sentiments in saying that we were missing rare opportunities which a short car ride would give us the privilege of enjoying. For many of us they are opportunities which will end with our college course, when we return to distant homes and lose even the possibility of benefit from them. It is the thought of the many advantages which Boston offers that induces many of us to settle upon Wellesley as our Alma Mater, and we cannot help being disappointed when we are deprived of the chance of enjoying the good things open to us. The students are gladly welcoming the

least sign of interest in this subject, and are now waiting for some one to suggest a way which shall give them the privilege of occasionally listening to one of the inspiring men of Boston's pulpits. One of our number has suggested that each Sunday small groups of girls, accompanied by chaperones, be allowed to attend church service in town. Would not this be practicable?

M. T., '99.

EXCHANGES.

"THE year's at the spring!" We see it in the new covers of our exchanges first, and later we find it in the constant references to the "spring fret" which come from the pen of poet, story-teller, and editor alike. Even the overhanging war cloud has not as yet thrown a shadow dark enough to check the effervescence of the April joyousness. There is a reference or two to the national excitement in the editorials, and one timely article in *The Buff and Blue*, describing the eager, patient throng which waits to crowd into Congress to hear the President's message; but that is all, and possibly that is enough. The college magazine, after all, is a literary production, not a newspaper, and forebodings of war have not so strong a claim on a place in its columns as the confidence of the springtime that "all's right with the world."

For this month's issue of the *Wesleyan Lit.* we have nothing but praise. The leading article is a sympathetic study of Johanna Ambrosius, the German peasant whose songs came to her as she swung the flail or wielded the axe, and whose name is now known and loved as a poet throughout Germany. The two stories chance, curiously enough, to have the same theme,—the strong friendship of man for man,—but the scene of one, "Burrell," is laid in the seventeenth century, while the other, "Passing the Love of Women," concerns itself with the heroes of a modern life-saving station. Both stories are graphically told, without the touch of sentimentality which too often lurks in tales of the sort.

The *Cornell Magazine* is most attractive this month, both on account of the dainty cover design, and also because of the high order of merit of its contributed articles. The little lad in "Campus Doughnuts" completely won the heart of the exchange editor. His inherited interest in flies, and

his father's patient research with the microscope, and finally the contrasted disappointment of each, resulting in the sympathy which draws them together, are alike admirably drawn.

"Real Folk in Fiction" is the title of an article in the *Vassar Miscellany*, which comments on the frequent use which authors make of their friends, as lay figures for fictitious characters. Though one might question the conclusion,—that when we read a story we want to find imaginary persons, not our next door neighbors,—the author, on the whole, carries the reader along with her.

We clip the following verse :—

WHENCE CAM'ST THOU, LITTLE CHILD?

Thine eyes in silent wonder gaze
And lose themselves in this strange whirl,
So vast, so new, and so untried.
And will they ever learn to look
The world unflinching in the face?
Too soon thy 'wilderer, staring eyes
May narrow, strained by their wide sweep;
The world will shrink, and thou shalt see
A flower as but a pretty flower,
A man but as another thou.
And then, perchance, thou'lt smile that such
A work-a-day world could e'er seem God's,
And knowing men will say, "Thou hast
Thy full sight now, and then wert blind."

—*The Nassau Lit.*

M. B. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Building of the British Empire: The Story of England's Growth from Elizabeth to Victoria, by Alfred Thomas Story. Story of the Nations Series. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1898. 2 vols.

Some Common Errors of Speech: Suggestions for the Avoiding of Certain Classes of Errors, Together with Examples of Good and Bad Usage, by Alfred G. Compton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1898.

The Prisoner of Chillon, and other Selections from Lord Byron, edited, with introduction and notes, by Charles Maurice Stebbins, Instructor in English, High School, Salt Lake City. Students' Series of English Classics. Boston: Leach, Shewell & Co.

M. Tulli Ciceronis Laelius De Amicitia, with notes by Charles E. Bennett, Professor of Latin in Cornell University. Students' Series of Latin Classics. Boston: Leach, Shewell and Sanborn.

Told in the Coffee House: Turkish Tales collected and done into English by Cyrus Adler and Allan Ramsay. New York: The MacMillan Company, 1898. Price, 75 cents.

Dryden's Palamon and Arcite, edited, with notes and critical suggestions, by W. H. Crawshaw, A.M., Professor of English Literature in Colgate University. Heath's English Classics. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co., 1898. Price, 30 cents.

Nicotiana und andere Erzählungen, von Rudolf Baumbach, with notes and a vocabulary, by Dr. Wilhelm Bernhardt. Heath's Modern Language Series. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co., 1898.

The New Century Speaker for School and College: A Collection of Extracts from the speeches of Henry Cabot Lodge, Chauncey M. Depew, Charles H. Parkhurst, Henry W. Grady, James G. Blaine, James A. Garfield, Henry Ward Beecher, William H. Seward, Wendell Phillips, George William Curtis, and others; selected and adapted for use in Declamation, and in the Study of American Oratory in the latter part of the Nineteenth Century, by Henry Allyn Frink, Ph.D. Boston: Ginn & Co., 1898.

THE BOOKS WE READ.

The Building of the British Empire, by Alfred Thomas Story. G. P. Putnam's Sons. The Knickerbocker Press, 1898.

This work by Mr. Story, which is a recent contribution to the popular "Story of the Nations" series, treats of the growth of the British Empire from the time of Elizabeth down to the present day. The book deals largely with England's explorations and with her colonization in America and in India. The huge body of facts necessary to such a subject has been ar-

ranged and presented in a clear, logical way, which easily holds the reader's interest. The author has not tried to develop the undercurrents of English thought and national character which have accompanied the growth of this wonderful Empire. He himself says that he has concentrated his attention upon the outward and physical forces which have helped to make the Empire what she is to-day. The history is written in story form, and in some parts reads almost like romance. Although it lays no claim to being a text-book, yet the complete index with which it is provided makes it available as a work of reference, while its concise form renders it useful for ascertaining the facts of this phase of English history.

One of the most attractive features of the book is the large number of good illustrations. Among them are many reproductions from old print and engravings of great interest. The book contains also some valuable maps.

At the present time, when such deep interest is taken in methods of colonization and in national growth, a work of this nature is especially acceptable.

Caleb West, Master Diver, by F. Hopkinson Smith. Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

This latest novel of Mr. Smith's, which has been running this winter in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and has recently been added, in book form, to our circulating library, is probably destined to be one of the most popular of the author's works. The story centers around the building of a lighthouse off the New England coast. Mr. Smith's experience as an engineer has given him the knowledge necessary to write a novel of this kind, and it is said that while himself building a lighthouse he gained the material for the story. The novel is not too technical in character for the ordinary reader; and the author persuades us that the building of a lighthouse is the most interesting thing in the world. The loading of the great stones on the sloop, and the laying of the masonry are described in dramatic style, while the dangers that builders undergo from the sea and from falling derricks make the story very exciting.

Perhaps the most significant feature of the book is that the author introduces us to a new phase of the American workingman—a phase with which he is evidently very familiar. The reader begins to know a new life

and a new people, and learns to respect and admire the men who, though rough in speech and manners, are yet doing the hard and perilous work of the world. Caleb West, a plain New Englander of middle age, follows the thrilling and perilous profession of diving. The story of his dive for his pretty but faithless young wife lends pathos to the book, as well as a grim realism. But the real hero is Captain Joe Bell, the wonderful sailor, who "can't drown," though exposed to the greatest dangers of the sea. This man, who wins our love from the outset, is really the controlling force of the story. In the "Major" Mr. Smith gives us another of his Southern "gentleman vagabonds," and in this character we see the author's delicate humor and appreciation of Southern life. He has introduced, also, some characters drawn from New York society, but they are hardly as successful, certainly not as attractive.

"Caleb West" is a novel which is bound to carry conviction with it and win success, from the fact that the author has put into it so much real life and experience.

H. M. B.

Three Partners, by Bret Harte. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

With the heroes of this last story of Mr. Harte's we are again introduced to a group of those unique characters who are said to have inhabited the West since '49, and whom we have certainly been meeting on paper for the last twenty years. Naturally we feel most at home in our surroundings. Our impression of comfortable security is further confirmed by the fact that we are from the start unmistakably in the author's confidence. Either from our sense of Western-romance justice, or from our long experience with mining-camp stories, we feel that we know the end of all things even from the beginning. The first chapter establishes us in our belief. We lay our foundations on the inevitable cabin, the three young miner heroes who are not toughs, the villain who is one, and those other never-to-be-neglected elements of mining-camp life, the drunkard and the gambler. As readers of Mr. Harte's earlier stories have reason to expect, the latter role is filled by Jack Hamlin, unchanged as yet in word or deed. There are other landmarks for us to notice; for instance, the big strike sure to come sooner or later,—here, somewhat unusually, found in the first chapter. Naturally we have also the midnight revery over the inexhaustible fair young girl who has been left

behind in the States subject to death and the machinations of parents and friends. Finally, in addition to peculiarly Western elements, we find in the leading hero, so to speak, a type common to all sections in literature. Such is Barker, the buoyant, confiding youth, who "loves poetry" and has a fresh complexion, and for whose benefit events revolve.

From the first moment of our encounter with this engaging person we know that the sure doom of the hero is upon him. He must be provided with a suitable wife. He makes the rather cumbersome mistake of first marrying the wrong one. Moreover, when the right woman does turn up, she also is hampered with an inconvenient husband. We do not despair, however. All things were possible in the early days of the West, and are still so in Mr. Harte's story. Opportune events, including financial panics and claim jumping, clear away the obstacles between the two fit souls. The wedding is announced on the last page. We feel that some slight injustice is done in that the two partners of the fortunate hero, after doing everything possible to assist the progress of events, are not equally well provided for. It seems a little unreasonable to close the story and leave two millionaires still bachelors.

On the whole, "Three Partners" is by no means a stupid story. Its interest may perhaps be due to the fact that its characters, scenes, and events, not to mention its plot, are old friends of ours. No doubt, then, many of us who are attached to the traditional type of Western life, and who like a love story which "ends right" at all costs, will find the book distinctly readable. It may be found among the new books in the circulating library.

B. K.

COLLEGE NOTES.

April 12.—The opening of the spring term brought the cold Easter holidays to an end.

April 14.—A large and interested audience heard Pundita Ramabai speak most eloquently of her work among the child widows of India. A movement has been started to form a Ramabai circle here at Wellesley.

April 16.—3.20: Mr. Anagnos lectured in the chapel on "The Condition of Greece under the Present Treaty." 7.30: The regular meeting

of the Barn Swallows was held in the barn. A farce, entitled "Professor Baxter's New Invention," was very successfully given. The cast was as follows:—

Professor Baxter	Edith Ramsdell.
Peter Crawford	Caroline Ham.
Sam Woolley	Mary Rockwell.
Roxanna Tucker	Alice Mansfield.
Dorothy Tucker	Elizabeth Fernald.
Mary Ann	Elizabeth McCaulley.

Fifty members of the Boston Wellesley Club were present at the meeting.

April 17.—President Hyde, of Bowdoin College, preached in the chapel at eleven o'clock. In place of the usual vesper service the regular monthly missionary meeting was held. Miss Rouse spoke on the "History of the Student Volunteer Movement."

April 18.—3.30: A Colonial Ball, one of the prettiest dances of the year, was given in the barn. The hostesses were: Miss Booth, Miss Breed, Miss Burton, Miss Cady, Miss Coonley, Miss Marks, Miss Read, and Miss Tewksbury. 7.30: Prof. Hugo Münsterberg, of Harvard, lectured to a large audience in the chapel on "The Relation of Psychology to Life."

April 19.—College appointments were omitted in honor of the anniversary of the Battle of Lexington.

April 23.—At 3.20 a students' recital was given in the chapel. The child violinist, Katherine Stilling, was the soloist.

April 24.—Prof. Rush Reese, of Newton Theological Seminary, held the usual Sunday service in the chapel at eleven o'clock.

April 25.—3.00: A Black and White Dance was given in the barn by Miss Barker, Miss Byington, Miss Chase, Miss Gordon, Miss Margaret Hall, Miss Oriana Hall, Miss Halsey, Miss Martin, and Miss Miller. 7.30: A piano recital was given in the chapel by Madame Melanie de Wienzkowski, who had made her appearance a few nights before as soloist for the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

April 28.—4.15: Mr. Howard Walker lectured in the Art Lecture Room on Gothic Ornament.

April 30.—Prof. William Knight, of St. Andrew's College, Scotland, gave a scholarly and deeply interesting lecture on Tennyson.

SOCIETY NOTES.

At a regular meeting of the Society Tau Zeta Epsilon, held April 16, Miss Cushing, '96, Miss Boutelle and Miss Piper, '97, were present.

The regular monthly programme meeting of the Society Alpha Kappa Chi was held in Elocution Hall, Saturday evening, April 23. The following programme was rendered :—

I. Symposium.

The Artistic Temperament of the Greeks
as shown in their Coins . . . S. Helen Bogart.

II. Programme :—

1. The Influence of Alexander as shown
in the Hellenistic Age . . . Mary Galbraith.

2. Schools of Sculpture.
a. Rhodian. }
b. Pergamene. } . . . Harriet Carter.

3. Ideals of the Gods.
a. Apollo Belvidere. }
b. Venus de Melos. }
c. The Samothracian Victory. } Nellie Luther Fowler.

The Agora held its regular meeting on March 12, and the following programme was given :—

I. Impromptu Speeches.

The Relations between Spain and the
United States . . . Grace Phemister.
The Zola Trial . . . Carolyn Morse.
The Relations between England and
China . . . Elizabeth Seelman.

II. Formal Discussion.

The Power and Influence of the Amer-
ican Police . . . Martha T. Griswold.
The Organization of the New York
Police Force . . . Clara F. Woodbury.
European Police . . . Edith Moore.

At a regular meeting of the Agora, held Tuesday evening, April 19, the following programme was presented :—

I. Impromptu Speeches.

The Report of the Committee of Inquiry on the Maine Disaster . . . Anna F. Cross.

The President's Latest Message to Congress . . . Ruth S. Goodwin.

The Recent Resolutions of Congress on the Cuban Question . . . Helen G. Damon.

II. Formal Discussion.

The Corruption of the Police . . . Mary B. Capen.

The History of Tammany . . . Rachel C. Reeve.

The Platt Machine . . . Caroline L. Howell.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

Mrs. Alice Upton Pearmain, '83, M.A., '90, who is president of the Boston College Club, has also been made president of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae.

Dora Wells, '84, is teaching in one of the Chicago high schools.

There is an article in the May number of *Scribner's* on Undergraduate Life at Wellesley, by Abbe C. Goodloe, '89.

Sarah M. Boek, '90, who is studying at the Tufts Divinity School, is a resident at the social settlement at Roxbury, and is working Saturdays at the Every Day Church in Boston.

Mrs. Mary Hazard Frost, '93, and her husband, Prof. E. B. Frost, have recently composed the words and music of a charming operetta, entitled, "A Midwinter's Dream." The operetta was given with great success in Hanover before a number of invited guests. Adah Hasbrook, '96, and Frances Pinkham, '93, were in the cast.

Mary E. Field, '95, is teaching three hours daily at Miss Emerson's School for Girls, 18 Newbury Street, Boston.

Mary Davenport, '96, is teaching Mathematics and the Sciences in the Foxboro High School, Foxboro, Mass.

Cecilia Dickie, '96, is teaching Mathematics and some Science at the Ladies' College in Halifax.

Frances E. Hershey, '96, is teaching at her home in Sterling, Ill.

The engagement is announced of Mae Adelaide Woodward, '96, to Mr. Albert Marshall Jones, principal of the boys' literary department of the Perkins Institute for the Blind.

Blanche Currier, '97, is teaching Greek in the High School at Methuen, Mass.

Louise Hutcheson, '97, is attending the Teachers' College, in New York City, N. Y.

Grace N. Laird, '97, is teaching the third, fourth, and fifth grades of the Stoneville School, Auburn, Mass.

The engagement is announced of Anna Elizabeth Mathews, '97, to Rev. Henry Lewis Richardson, U. of W., '80, Yale Divinity School, '83.

Frances E. McDuffee, '97, supplied during five weeks this spring in the High School of Rochester, N. H.

Clara R. Purdy, '97, resigned her position in the High School at Dryden, N. Y., on account of her father's death.

Frida M. Raynal, '97, is substituting as special German teacher, from the third to eighth grade inclusive, in the St. Clair School, Cleveland.

Mary E. Simonds, '97, is studying medicine in Yonkers, N. Y.

Hortense E. Wales, '97, is teaching in Potter Academy, Sebago, Me.

Elfie Graff, '97, is doing graduate work at the University of Cincinnati, this year.

Amanda C. Northrop, Sp., '84-88, is teaching, for the third year, in Mrs. Hazen's private school, Pellam Manor, New York.

The March meeting of the New York Wellesley Club was held March 19th in Room 701 of the Carnegie Building. Mr. Wilbur Larremore read

an interesting and suggestive paper on Kipling's latest words. The paper was followed by an interesting discussion of the subject, in which a number of the members joined.

The fourth annual luncheon of the Eastern New York Wellesley Club was held at the Kenmore Hotel, Albany, April 2, 1898, at 12.30 p. m. The guests of honor were Mrs. Irvine and Mr. Melvil Dewey, formerly consulting librarian of Wellesley. Additional guests were Mrs. Stimson, of New York, and Mrs. Charlotte Sibley Hilton, of Chicago. Miss Stewart, president of the club, presided as toastmistress in a most charming manner. A graceful compliment was paid Wellesley College by the sending of a large cluster of white carnations with a card bearing the inscription, "A greeting from Smith College." Mrs. Irvine gave an interesting and inspiring talk on Wellesley, what it is accomplishing, and what it hopes for the future. At the close of Mrs. Irvine's remarks the Wellesley cheer was given once for Mrs. Irvine and once for Wellesley. Following this were given the toasts: "The College Woman in Education," Miss Perry; "The College Woman in Literature," Miss Davidson, and "Normal Methods for College Graduates," Miss Millard. Mrs. Hilton spoke briefly of the Chicago Wellesley Club. Mr. Dewey, in reply to "The Future of the College," gave a most entertaining and suggestive address on the college as a factor in the broad scheme of education. The keen appreciation with which his remarks were received was made manifest by Mrs. Irvine, who moved that a vote of thanks be extended to Mr. Dewey. After a cheer for the club, and a final one for the college, the company dispersed with the unanimous verdict that this had been by far the best day of the club's life.

On Easter Monday, twenty-five of the Wellesley daughters of Washington and vicinity gave a luncheon at the Shoreham in honor of Mrs. Durant, and of Miss Bates, Miss Coman, and Miss Cummings, of the faculty. Miss Maria Baldwin, '91, acted as toastmistress. Mrs. Durant gave a much appreciated talk on matters pertaining to the College. Toasts were also replied to by Miss Bates, Miss Coman, Miss Cummings, and Miss McDonald. The name cards, painted by one of the members of the Washington Association, were banners of Wellesley blue with the word "Wellesley" in white, and formed souvenirs of a very pleasant occasion.

The Washington Wellesley Association gave a reception in honor of Mrs. Durant, Saturday, April 9, at the home of Mrs. Laura Paul Diller. The rooms were fragrant with Easter lilies and jonquils, and a stringed orchestra furnished music throughout the afternoon. Mrs. Diller was assisted in receiving by the president, Mrs. Frances Davis Gould, Miss Caroline Tyler, Miss Delia Jackson, and Miss Edna Spaulding. Many out of town alumnae were present as well as the members of the Washington Association, and gave an enthusiastic greeting to Mrs. Durant.

On Saturday, April 16, the Boston Wellesley College Club held its sixteenth semiannual meeting. Contrary to its usual custom, it held this meeting at Wellesley, in answer to an invitation from the Barn Swallows to attend one of their meetings. To most members of the club, the Barn Swallows have been a picturesque, but undefined, organization, so that this opportunity to meet the birds in their nest, and share their song and play, was heartily appreciated. Another pleasant feature of the club meeting was the journeying together to Wellesley by special electric cars from Boston, with a brief stop for luncheon at the Woodland Park Hotel, Auburndale. Upon the return trip, at a somewhat irregular business meeting in the car, it was voted to extend to the Barn Swallows most cordial thanks for their delightful entertainment.

The Northfield Wellesley Club was entertained at the home of Mrs. Ambert Moody, Monday afternoon, April 25. Eleven members were present, also Miss Montague, '79, and Miss Hardee, '94.

DENISON HOUSE NOTES.

At the Social Science Conference, on April 5, Miss Dudley spoke on "Organized Labor and its Results." Miss Trimble of Denison House, Mr. Estabrook of South End House, and others took part in the discussion. Mr. Henry Lloyd, who was to have been the speaker of the evening, was unable to be present.

Mrs. Henry Whitman was the guest of the Teachers' Club on the eleventh. "Art in the Public Schools" was the subject on which Mrs. Whitman gave an informal, but interesting, talk.

Miss Torrey, of King's Chapel, gave a programme of Easter music on April 14. An unusually large number of Thursday evening guests were present.

Miss Julia Drury, formerly a resident of Denison House, has substituted in the art and travel classes during the absence, in April, of the regular teachers, Misses Hazard and Drew. Her subjects were Pompeii and Rome.

On April 19 Miss Dudley spoke at Willimantic, Conn., on Settlement Work, and was the guest of Miss Mabel Jenkins, special at Wellesley, '90-92.

Miss Bisbee, Miss Goodwin, and Miss Battison, of Wellesley, entertained with music and reading at the evening party on the twenty-first.

Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer was a guest of honor at the Teachers' Club on April 25. A large number of teachers and gentlemen guests were present.

Miss Dudley spoke before the members of the Consumers' League, at the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, on the "Trades Union Label," April 21.

The Woman's Club will hold its annual sale of fancy articles at Denison House, May 4, from 3 to 6 P. M. The proceeds of the sale will be used for the summer outings of the Club.

The Denison House Dramatic Club will give "Julius Cæsar" at Union Hall, 48 Boylston Street, on the evening of May 19. The proceeds of the entertainment will be divided between Denison House and the outing fund of the Club. Tickets at twenty-five and fifty cents may be obtained from Miss Marks and Miss Gordon at the College, or from Miss Wall at Denison House.

The Thursday evening party was omitted on April 28, in order to give opportunity to the residents and friends of the house to attend the Tenth Annual Reunion of the Massachusetts Association of Working Women's Clubs at Tremont Temple. The "Katherine Klub" of Denison House, of which Miss Genevieve Stuart, '91, is an officer, is affiliated with the Association, and was represented at the reunion by eighteen of its members.

Miss Geraldine Gordon, of Wellesley, Miss Lucy Watson, of Utica, Miss Edith Edwards, of Bryn Mawr, and Miss Edna Doughty, of Brooklyn,

have been in residence for a short time during April. Applications for residence during the spring and summer will be welcomed by Miss Sarah Yerxa, 37 Lancaster Street, North Cambridge, or Miss Dudley at the Settlement.

MARRIAGES.

HOLMES-DWYER.—In Grafton, Mass., July 7, 1897, Effie F. Dwyer, '86, to Mr. Stanley H. Holmes.

DOW-WITCHER.—In Woburn, Mass., April 5, 1898, Mary C. Witcher, '96, to Mr. Henry A. T. Dow.

BIRTHS.

April 3, 1898, in Newark, N. J., a daughter, Helen Kimber, to Mrs. Anna Kimber McChesney Smyth, '96.

DEATHS.

In Springfield, Mass., March 12, 1898, Mr. Joseph Sheldon Noble, father of Caroline E. Noble, '90.

In Danvers, Mass., March 28, 1898, Mr. L. Elmer Learoyd, father of Mabel W. Learoyd, '94.

At Colorado Springs, Colorado, April 7, 1898, Mrs. Sarah R. Hastings, mother of Florence E. Hastings, '97.

At 4 St. Botolph Street, Boston, Mass., April 21, 1898, Mrs. Jane Gilbert, mother of Mabel Curtis, '90.

SHIRT WAISTS

(Fisk, Clark & Flagg, Makers.)

New Shape.

One Hundred Styles in Wash Effects.
Choice line in Silk and Flannel.

LADIES'

Ascot Scarfs and Ties, Collars
and Cuffs.

—NOVELTIES IN—

Belts.

RAY, Outfitter,

509 Washington Street, cor. West
BOSTON.

Our Stock

Is constantly in touch with

Progress, Reliability,
Fashion, Economy...

Complimentary Gifts, all prices.

Engagement Presents, \$1 to \$10.

Wedding Gifts, \$2 to \$100.

Card Prizes, 50 cents to \$3.

If it's new we have it!

A. Stowell & Co.,

24 Winter Street - Boston, Mass.

ANDREW J. **LLOYD**
& CO.

Prescriptions
Filled.

OPPOSITE OLD SOUTH

323 and 325 Washington Street.

BRANCH,

454 Boylston Street, corner Berkeley Street.

SPECIAL DISCOUNT ALLOWED TO
WELLESLEY STUDENTS.

Photographic Supplies, Cameras,

Etc., of Every Description.

128-page Catalogue on application.



Intercollegiate Bureau
and Registry.

Cotrell & Leonard,

472 to 478 Broadway,
Albany, N. Y.

MAKERS OF THE

Caps and Gowns

TO THE

American Colleges.

Illustrated Catalogue and Particulars on Application.

Every Requisite for a Dainty Lunch

Fruit.
Confectionery.
Nuts.
Fancy Biscuits.
Jellies.
Preserves.
Pickles, etc.

at.....

Cobb, Bates & Yerxa Co's,
680 Washington Street,
Boston.



NEW COTTON SHIRT WAISTS.

Miss M. F. Fisk,

(Between Temple Place and West St.)

144 TREMONT STREET,

Announces the opening of her COTTON SHIRT WAISTS.
The colors are the most correct, and the fit is perfect.

Miss FISK is also showing a line of beautiful

Point d' Esprit, Crepe de Chene, and Chiffon Jabots and Scarfs.

THE NEWEST THINGS IN LADIES' NECK WEAR.

Something New in Stationery,

Prescriptions Accurately Compounded.

WELLESLEY FLAG. Call and see it.

Also a line of Baker's and Huyler's
Confections.

STORY & CUTTER, Shattuck Building, Wellesley.

Kuyler's

PURE! DELICIOUS!!
BONBONS - CHOCOLATES.

Large Variety of FANCY BOXES & BASKETS.
suitable for PRESENTS.



146 TREMONT ST.
BOSTON.
MASS.

CANDIES SENT EVERYWHERE BY MAIL OR EXPRESS.

..The Newest..

Fashions in Shoes for Young Ladies

are to be found at

Thayer's New Store,

144 Tremont Street, between Temple
Place and West Street.

A Discount of 10 per cent to Pupils and Teachers.

PFISTER & VOGEL LEATHER CO.

Milwaukee, Wis., U.S.A.

Manufacturers of the celebrated

.. Mercury Sole ..

FOR SPORTING SHOES.

EASTERN OFFICES:

BOSTON, 161-163 Summer Street.

NEW YORK, 37 Spruce Street.

FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVES.

B. KAHN, London, England.
W. C. HENDERSON & CO., Northampton, England.
C. F. AUTENRIETH & CO., Frankfurt a. M. Germany.
POZZI, MENEGHINI & CO., Milan, Italy.
ADOLPHE HAEFELIN, Paris, France.
SOPHUS M. JENSEN & CO., Copenhagen, Denmark.
THEODORE EDLING, Stockholm, Sweden.
S. ILLNER, Vienna, Austria.

WALNUT HILL SCHOOL.

Wellesley Preparatory,

NATICK, MASS.

For circular address the Principals,

MISS CHARLOTTE H. CONANT, B.A.

MISS FLORENCE BIGELOW, M.A.

ONE WAY

To cut down your school expenses. **Look!!!**

Students' Paper, 25 cts. per lb.
Students' Covers, 20 and 25 cts. each.
Students' ("T. & M. Co.") Pencils, 35 cts. doz.
Students' "Sterling" Steel Pens, 60 cts. gross.
Engraved Plate and 100 Calling Cards, \$1.50.

Engraved Die, 100 Sheets Paper and } \$4.17.
100 Envelopes, Finest Quality..... }

All Students' Supplies equally low. Always use our A-A
Waterman's "Standard" Fountain Pen.

THORP & MARTIN CO.,

Stationers—Engravers—Printers,
12 Milk Street, Boston.

Wright & Ditson,

The Leading Athletic Outfitters of New England.

Spring and Summer Athletic Supplies.

EVERY REQUISITE FOR

Base Ball, Golf, Tennis, Cricket, Track and Field.

CATALOGUE OF ATHLETIC SPORTS FREE.

New England Agents for

* **THE SPALDING BICYCLE,** *

'98 Models, Chainless and Chain.

Wright & Ditson,

344 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

WE make a specialty of

Winter Weight

Walking Boots...

Box Calf, Willow Calf.

Rubber-sole Gymnasium Shoes

A FULL LINE OF RUBBERS.

UNDERWOOD'S,

**No. 3 Clark's Block,
Natick, Mass.**

The Dana Hall School, WELLESLEY, MASS.

Pupils are prepared for regular or for special courses at Wellesley College.

Price for Board and Tuition, \$500 for the school year; Tuition for day pupils, \$125.

For further information address the Principals:

JULIA A. EASTMAN.
SARAH P. EASTMAN.



Through Car Route between
CHICAGO and ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS,
DULUTH, COUNCIL BLUFFS,
OMAHA, SIOUX CITY, DENVER,
OGDEN, SALT LAKE, PORTLAND,
SAN FRANCISCO

And principal cities of the

West and Northwest.

For tickets and sleeping car accommodations call or write

J. E. BRITTAIN, N. E. Pass. Ag't,
368 Washington St., Boston.

The Paris Exposition

STUDENTS who can organize a party of eighteen among their fellow-students, friends and acquaintances to make a 38-day trip to Europe, including seven days in London and fourteen days at the Paris Exposition, upon the most popular plan of periodical advance payments which has ever been presented by an incorporated company with \$100,000 capital, and backed by substantial business men, will learn of something to their advantage by addressing

THE EUROPEAN TOURIST CO.,
278 Boylston St., Boston.

Kent Place School for Girls,

SUMMIT, NEW JERSEY.



HAMILTON W. MABIE,
President.

Application may be made to the
Principal,

MRS. SARAH WOODMAN PAUL.

Junius W. Hill,

(LEIPSIC, 1860-1863.)

For the past thirteen years Professor of
Music in Wellesley College, and Director
of the Wellesley College School of Music,

WILL HEREAFTER DEVOTE HIMSELF ENTIRELY TO

PRIVATE INSTRUCTION

At his Studio in Boston,

154 TREMONT STREET.

SPECIALTIES.—The Art of Piano-playing, Organ,
Harmony, and Voice Culture. Correspondence so-
licited. Circulars sent on application to any address.

TEACHERS WANTED!

Union Teachers' Agencies of America.

Rev. L. D. BASS, D.D., Manager.

Pittsburg, Pa.; Toronto, Can.; New Orleans, La.; New York, N. Y.; Washington, D. C.; San Francisco, Cal.; Chicago, Ill.; St. Louis, Mo., and Denver, Colorado.

There are thousands of positions to be filled. We had over 8,000 vacancies during the past season. Unqualified facilities for placing teachers in every part of the United States and Canada, as over 95 per cent of those who registered before August secured positions. One fee registers in nine offices. Address all applications to SALTSBURY, PA.

Best Work.

Lowest Prices.

FRANK WOOD,

PRINTER,

352 Washington Street, Boston.

Telephone, Boston 273.

COLLEGE WORK A SPECIALTY.

Full Count.

Prompt Delivery.

Insignia, Badges, Society Stationery.

The Bailey, Banks & Biddle Company has assembled exceptional facilities for the prompt execution of orders for Insignia, Badges, and Society Stationery. This company owns probably the most complete library in the United States on the subject of Heraldry. With such wealth of authority constantly at hand, accuracy is absolutely insured.

Patrons may feel equal confidence in the correctness and taste of Society Stationery prepared by this house.

The Bailey, Banks & Biddle Company,
Jewelers, Silversmiths, Stationers,
PHILADELPHIA.

FALL RIVER LINE

BETWEEN

BOSTON and NEW YORK.

Via Fall River and Newport.

The Famous Steamboats of this Line, the

PRISCILLA, PURITAN, PLYMOUTH,
PILGRIM and PROVIDENCE,

are substantially alike in design, appliances, finish, and furnishings, and the perfection of their service in every department has no superior in transportation construction.

The Route traversed by the Fall River Line is unsurpassed in attractive marine features and surroundings.

Special Vestibuled Express Train leaves Boston from Park Square Station.

A. C. KENDALL, O. H. TAYLOR,
G. P. A., N. Y., N. H., & H. R. R. (O. C. System), G. P. A., Fall River Line,
Boston. New York.

L. H. PALMER, Boston Pass'r Agt.,
No. 3 Old State House, Boston.

F. DIEHL, JR., & CO.,
Livery and Boarding
STABLE,

WELLESLEY, MASS.

Baggage Transferred to and from Station.
MEET ALL TRAINS.

Orders Promptly Attended to.
Telephone No. 16-2.

EMMA WILLARD SCHOOL

Troy, New York.

Preparatory, Academic and Graduate
Courses.

Departments of Music and Art.

Certificate admits to Wellesley, Smith, and Vassar Colleges
85th year opens September 21, 1898.

MISS MARY ALICE KNOX, Principal.

CHARLES M. EATON,

Agent for ADLAKES, STANDISH
and KNOWLTON - - - -

BICYCLES.

Bicycle Repairing and Sundries on Sale.

WORCESTER ST., WELLESLEY HILLS.

GEO. P. RAYMOND,
Costume Parlors,

17 BOYLSTON PLACE,
(Near Old Public Library.)

Telephone, Tremont 1314. BOSTON, MASS.

COSTUMES

For Masquerades, Old Folks' Concerts,
Private Theatricals, Tableaux, etc.

Ladies' Shirt Waists
To Measure.

For variety and attractiveness of pattern, for style
and fit, we have no peers.

Imported Madras, \$3.50 each,
Our Specialty.

The L. E. Fletcher Company,

No. 158 Boylston Street,

Telephone, Tremont 589-3. Boston, Mass.

BEAUTIFUL HAIR THE LADIES' DELIGHT!

RANDOLPH'S

Quinine and Glycerine

HAIR TONIC

A preparation especially prepared to promote growth of the
hair. Eradicates dandruff, imparts vitality to the roots, stops
the falling out of the hair.

50 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

PREPARED BY

L. W. RANDOLPH, Prescription Druggist,

143 West Front Street, PLAINFIELD, N. J.

Ask your druggist for Randolph's.



Ballard.

Designer and Maker of
**Riding Habits, Cloth Gowns,
Jackets,
Golf-Cycle Costumes.**

New Cloths . . . A nearly endless variety of beautiful fabrics, among which are Venetians, Coverts, Whipcords, Cheviots, Serges, Hand-made and Homespun.

VIENNA AND LONDON MODELS, AND THOSE OF OUR OWN DESIGN.

Prices for Tailor Gowns, from \$60 to \$80.
For Golf-Cycle Costumes, \$40 to \$60.

No. 256 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON.



..OUR..

Spectacles and Eyeglasses

are not only the BEST, but our
prices are reasonable.

Kodaks and Photographic Supplies for
Amateurs.

DEVELOPING AND PRINTING.

PINKHAM & SMITH,
Opticians,

No. 288 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON.

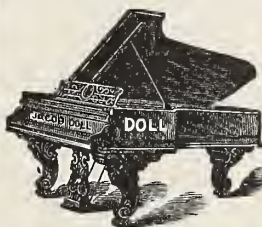
Eastern Teachers' Agency,

Miss E. F. FOSTER, Manager,
50 Bromfield Street,
BOSTON.

Has frequent demands for college-educated women.

Send for circulars.

TELEPHONE, BOSTON 775-2.



**207
Tremont....
Street,**

Jacob Doll

PIANOS

FOR SALE AND TO RENT, at prices never before heard of in the history of piano manufacturing.

A. A. TARBEAUX, Manager.

Earl J. Horner,

11 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.
Elevator to Studio.

Class Photographer

To Wellesley College, '98.

Special Rates to Friends of the College.

Mention this Advertisement.



DRESSMAKING.



M. E. FLEMMING,

Central St., Wellesley, opp. Tea Room.

TREE DAY WORK A SPECIALTY.



ESTABLISHED APRIL, 1875.
WELLESLEY COLLEGE OPENED SEPTEMBER, 1875.

CHAS. E. SHATTUCK,

The Wellesley Grocer.

In our stock may be found

FRUIT, CONFECTIONERY,
LOWNEY'S CHOCOLATES,
FANCY CRACKERS,

MAINE CREAM,
NEUFCHATEL CHEESE.

Crockery, Glassware, Lamps,
Vases, Jardinieres.
Toilet Soaps, Ladies' Boot Dressing, etc.

Thanking the public for their large exhibition of trust in my method of doing business, I solicit your continued patronage.

— Goods delivered free at any of the College buildings.

O. A. BRUNER Bakery,

21 South Main Street, Natick, Mass.

SPECIALTIES:

Home-made Bread, Cake,
and Pastry.

OUR MOTTO: "Cleanliness and Reliability."

We wish to call special attention to our
ICE CREAM AND SHERBET.

Photographic Supplies for Amateurs.

DRY PLATES IN ALL SIZES. "EASTMAN'S FILMS." BLUE PRINT, SOLIO, VELOX, PLATIN, AND BROMIDE PRINTING OUT PAPERS. DEVELOPER, TONING SOLUTION, ETC. CARD MOUNTS ALL SIZES.

F. E. BOARDMAN,
Jeweler and Optician,
No. 3 CLARK'S BLOCK, NATICK.

E. J. STATES, Art Needlework Store.

All the latest Novelties
in Fancy Work - - -

Special Designs for COLLEGE PILLOWS and BANNERS.

175 TREMONT STREET
(Near Tremont Theatre.)



LADIES' SAILORS.

KNOX'S World-Reowned HATS.

THE STANDARD OF FASHION EVERYWHERE.

194 Fifth Avenue, under Fifth Ave. Hotel, New York.

Agents in all the principal cities.

Six Highest Awards at the Columbian Exposition.

All mail orders receive prompt and careful attention.

Whitney's



Headquarters for

Embroideries

and

Ladies' Handkerchiefs.



Whitney's



Temple Place, Boston.

Roses



All the best varieties constantly on hand. Other flowers in their season.

.... Telephone or mail orders promptly attended to.

Mention this paper and ask for the University Discount.

JULIUS A. ZINN, 2 Beacon St.

The Senior Class Photographer

for Wellesley '94 and '95

was

Chas. W. Hearn,

392 Boylston Street,

Boston.

Mr. Hearn thanks Wellesley students for their past valued patronage, and would be pleased to submit prices and samples, with a view to his possible selection as Class Photographer for Wellesley '98.

Respectfully,

CHARLES W. HEARN.

E. W. NOYES CO.



Pictures and Frames

All the popular subjects in Photographs,
Prints, Fac-Similes, etc.

13 Bromfield St., Boston.

BOOK AND JOB

Printing,

Of Every Description.

 **EXECUTED WITH
PROMPTNESS
AND PRECISION.**

=====

COLLEGE WORK A SPECIALTY.

=====

CITIZEN OFFICE,

Summer Street,

NATICK, MASS.

Bailey's Hotel,

A. BAILEY, Proprietor.



This Hotel is on the line of Boston & Albany Railroad, three quarters of an hour's ride from Boston, and is connected by way of Coach with Wellesley College, passing the beautiful estate of H. H. Hunnewell.

Guests conveyed from Depot and College free of charge.

First-class Livery Stable connected with house. Also proprietor of Bailey's Boston Express, and Wellesley College Baggage Transfer Co.

Telephone connection from depot and college to hotel.

**First class
in every respect.**

**Terms
Reasonable.**

Perfect Comfort

For women and positive style. That's what we studied for. Nothing to pinch or hurt.

The H. H. "Tuttle Shoe"

is made on men's lasts. Has that graceful outside swing that gives the little toe breathing room. Double-soled calf for those who want heavy shoes. Lighter grades for others. \$4 to \$8 is the price. Discount to Students and Faculty.

H. H. TUTTLE & CO.,

Washington St., cor. Winter Street.

WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE

OF THE

New York Infirmary for Women and Children.

THE Thirty-second Annual Session opens October 1, 1897. Four years, Graded Course. Instruction by Lectures, Clinics, Recitations and practical work, under supervision in Laboratories, and Dispensary of College, and in New York Infirmary. Clinics and operations in most of the City Hospitals and Dispensaries open to Women Students. For Catalogues, etc., address

EMILY BLACKWELL, M.D.

321 EAST 15TH ST., NEW YORK.

H. H. CARTER & CO.,

Stationers ^{AND} Engravers

WILL ALLOW

20 per cent Discount

ON PURCHASES

Made by Wellesley College Students.

5 Somerset St. (near Beacon),

BOSTON.

MRS. J. C. WHITE,


19 Bromfield Street - Boston, Mass.

Artists' Materials.

PICTURE FRAMES.

CHILDREN'S NOVELTIES.

Christmas, Easter, Valentine
and Birthday Gifts, etc. . . .

Usual Discount to Students 

Joel Goldthwait & Company,

Have just opened and are now ready to show
a large and very fine line of

Scotch · Axminsters, · English · Wiltons · and · Brussels,

With a full stock of

Domestic Wiltons, Brussels, Axminsters,
Velvets, Tapestries and Ingrains.

The Styles and Colorings adapted to the present styles of Furnishings.

Near Cornhill.

163 to 169 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.



Blanket Wraps

For the Nursery.

For the Sick Room.

For the Bath.

For Steamer Traveling.

For the Railway Carriage.

For Yachting.

For Men, Women, Children, and the
Baby, \$2.75 to \$35, with Hood and
Girdle complete.

Ladies' Shirt and Golf Waists, \$5.00 to \$20.00.

From Madras, Oxfords, Cheviot, French
Percales, English and French Flannels,
Silk and Moire Poplin.

A Special Department
for

Ladies' Golf Waists,
Bicycle and Golf Skirts,
Entire Golfing Suits.

GOLF CLUBS,
GOLF BALLS, and
CADDY BAGS.



NOYES BROS.,

Washington and Summer Streets,

BOSTON, Mass., U. S. A.

M. R. Warren Co.

Stationers,
Engravers and
Printers.

BLANK BOOKS, INKSTANDS,
BLOTTERS.

Pens, Ink, Pencils,
Pocketbooks, Card Cases, Playing Cards,
Fountain Pens, Stylographic Pens,
Scrapbooks,
Students' Notebooks,
Address, Engagement, Shopping and Visiting Books
Paine's Duplicate Whist,
and
Everything in Writing Materials.

M. R. WARREN COMPANY

No. 336 Washington Street, Boston.

NEAR OLD SOUTH CHURCH.

GEO. A. PLUMMER & CO.,

Ladies' and Children's
Garments.

OUR DISPLAY OF

Coats, Suits, Wraps, Furs, Waists,
Rainproof Garments, Tea Gowns,
and Silk Petticoats is the handsom-
est and most complete we have ever
shown, including our own direct im-
portation of

Paris and Berlin Novelties.

Correct Styles. Moderate Prices.

Nos. 531 AND 533 WASHINGTON STREET,
BOSTON.

Telephone 2254.

Frank Wood, Boston, Mass.